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AT the time of going to press, the situation at Washington indicates, superficially at least, that President Wilson may have more difficulty with his programme for the peace treaty than was generally expected. His opponents claim a majority in favor of a resolution qualifying the treaty on at least four important points, viz., (1) the Monroe Doctrine, (2) the notorious Article X, which guarantees territorial integrity to organizing members of the League, (3) autonomy in domestic questions, such as tariff policies, immigration-policies and race-equality, (4) the right of the United States to withdraw from the League on two years' notice, and its right of final judgment as to whether its obligations under the League agreement have been fulfilled. The Republican side of the Senate is also in favor of repudiating the unconscionable theft of the Shantung peninsula, and will support a resolution to cut that provision out of the treaty. There is a noticeable change, too, in the attitude of a number of newspapers which have hitherto supported President Wilson in his view of the treaty and the covenant. They have opened their news columns pretty generously to unfavorable reports, and their editorial treatment has become lukewarm and perfunctory. One wonders whether it may not almost be time for President Wilson to discover that a few amendments and reservations might really not be so bad after all, and might perhaps improve the treaty. Possibly he may even find he was a little hasty and superficial in his diagnosis of cosmic neurotic cardialgia. Our famous liberal practitioner may look his patient over once again and decide that its heart will stand the strain of these modifications, not only without breaking, but without any serious functional disturbance. Best of all is the fact that the Senate is insistent in its demands for the facts in the case.

THE defenders of Kolchak are very busy, indeed, in protecting him from attacks in *The New Republic* and elsewhere, but there is one official attack which they have failed to explain because they have not yet seen it. It reads as follows, somewhat mangled in the decoding; we are happy to give it first publication:

CGW GREEN
Washington,
Dated January 25, 1919.

Ammission,
Paris.

425, January 25, 8 P. M. For Colonel House from Bullard, Tokio.

"Still in hospital, but hope to sail soon to join you. Very sorry for delay. I hope no formal recognition will be extended to Kolchak. His personality is of small significance. He is surrounded and dependent on the support of reaction elements whose principal idea of government is the reconquest of former grafts. His army is being organized on old lines of Czarist discipline. Several units have already revolted against brutality of officers. The vengeance of his (apparent omission) against Bolsheviks. We have helped to disable riots as red as the Bolshevik terror in Moscow. After allowing the Siberian Government and the directorate which were both sincere attempts at liberation to collapse from lack of recognition the Allied support of Kolchak's experiment in reaction is a feature regrettable. Please communicate to Creel." POLK,
Acting

Mr. Bullard was, next to Mr. Sisson, Mr. Creel's star reporter in Russia.

IT is now perfectly evident that, despite the fact that we are at peace with Germany and that Germany has ratified the treaty, the Allies are going to carry on their unauthorized and unhallowed wars against Hungary and Russia. America may now trade with Germany freely but not, the Government announces, with either Hungary or that portion of Russia occupied by the Bolsheviki. By what right or warrant of law Americans are thus forbidden to trade with a people with which we have never been at war, namely the Russians, it is pretty hard to understand, but the situation certainly offers a wonderful opportunity for a Congress that might be really bent on exercising its legitimate functions. As our readers are well aware, we hold no brief for the Bolsheviki, but we insist that warring upon them should not be a matter of the private opinion of Mr. Wilson and the Department of State. If we are to regulate the forms of government in Russia and in Hungary, it should be done by Congress after full and free discussion, so that the Ameri-

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can people may know just what is happening, and why. From the dispatches, Hungary is both to be invaded by Franchet d'Esperey and blockaded, first, because we do not like Mr. Bela Kun and his government, and second because Hungary has not observed the armistice, although the Allies have violated every one of the various conditions of the armistice themselves. As for Russia, the new Council of Five has about decided, despite the impending general strike of protest in Europe, to attack Petrograd and to give support in men, munitions, etc., to Kolchak. They are only waiting a few days to get a little more information and then the war for the conquest of Russia is to be on.

THE Allies have acted promptly in lifting the German blockade after the formal notification of the ratification of the treaty by the Weimer Assembly and a wild rush is on by the Allies and America to get the larger share of the trade with Germany—and yet it is only a few months ago that many of the leading firms in New York and London were hanging out signs announcing that they would never, never do business again with the Huns. Already a New York bank announces that it will open a branch in Berlin without loss of time and we hear of many private firms that are extending generous credits to former German customers. This is altogether gratifying and was to be expected in view of the artificial nature of much of the hatred deliberately created for war purposes. However bad the Germans may be, however they may still be short of the spiritual and moral regeneration which every liberal person must hope will yet come to them since they need it so sadly, they are, after all, human beings with whom the world has got to live and work. So far as the news from Germany goes, the danger of a communist revolution, which all the Berlin correspondents feared would result from the signing of the treaty, has again been postponed. It will be interesting to see whether the theory widely held in Berlin that Bolshevism could be checked if food came in freely and trade were restored will now be borne out by the facts. Everyone must hope so, for, with Europe in the chaos it is, the quieting down of any section will inure to the benefit of all.

THE opposition to the peace treaties does not decrease even though the Germans have accepted theirs. Thus the National Council of the French Socialist Party on Sunday last voted to oppose the ratification of the German treaty by the overwhelming poll of 1,420 to 114, with 387 not voting. This action of the Council binds the Socialist deputies in the Chamber to oppose the treaty to the end. The more the details of the treaties are examined, the more obvious it is that future trouble is being heaped up in various countries. Thus Mr. John F. Bass, one of our most reliable correspondents abroad, cables to *The Chicago Daily News* a protest against the doctrine that the League of Nations shall have the power to enforce the rights of foreign minorities within a country to public education in their own language. This is in connection with the Polish treaty, under which the Polish Government concedes that the question of the education of the foreigners within its boundaries is an international one—just at the time when American States are passing laws forbidding foreign languages in our schools and in our newspapers. Mr. Bass evidently fears that this precedent may lead in the future to some countries demanding that the United States agree that the question of languages within the United States likewise be subject to the will of the League of Nations. But an even more dangerous development is the peace treaty with Austria which is turning over one million people in Tyrol, West Hungary, etc., to foreign government. We have seen a letter from Professor Lammasch, one of the Austrian delegates, in which he points out that the treaty contradicts the Wilson programme at its most important points and records his opinion that it will "in all probability drive Austria into the arms of Bolshevism." It is, he says, "the product of a policy just as narrow and brutal as was the Prussian policy of the Hohenzollern."

ACCORDING to all reports Mr. Lansing returns from Paris a saddened and disheartened man. He gave, it appears, a remarkable statement to the press expressing his views of the treaty just before he sailed, but though this statement is likened to that of Gen. Smuts, none of our enterprising dailies have seemed to believe this utterance of our Secretary of State worth printing in full. We do not credit the reports that Mr. Lansing intends to resign. Had he been of the resigning kind he would have left Paris as soon as he was placed in the humiliating position of being so ignored by the President of the United States as not to know what was going on in the Council of Four. It is gratifying to note that the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee has called upon the President to produce the letter written by General Bliss and concurred in by Mr. Lansing and Mr. White protesting against the Shantung outrage, which press dispatches declare Mr. Lansing feels was an unnecessary compromise for the purpose of placating the Japanese. If Mr. Wilson refuses to produce it, we shall have a further illustration of the sincerity of the President's sacred promise of open covenants of peace openly arrived at. We do not criticise Mr. Lansing for not resigning; we believe that he accepted the humiliating position in which he was placed and worked on in it because he felt that that was the highest and most patriotic duty that he could perform. He has, we believe, seen the real situation far more clearly than his chief, and it was noted by all in Paris that he broadened and grew more liberal week by week.

IN view of the criticism which *The Nation* is compelled to pass upon Mr. Wilson for the sake of the truth of the international situation, it is a pleasure to record the fact that we owe to the President and to ex-President Taft the provision in the Allied treaty with Poland for special protection to the Jews. The Jews of the world were entitled to what they asked at Paris, which was a general provision for religious freedom in the preamble of the League of Nations. But because Mr. Wilson was intent on doing a grave injustice to Japan by his refusal to accept the recommendation of the sub-committee of the Conference in regard to the equality of citizenship of all the nationals of the various nations joining the League, he found himself unable to agree to the religious freedom declaration. Thus does one injustice beget another. Mr. Wilson has, however, made as honorable an *amende* as is possible in the case of the treaty between the United States and the Allies and Poland by insisting that there shall be religious freedom in Poland. For his generous intentions we give him full credit; the only question that worries us is whether there will be any Jews left in Poland by the time the treaty is ratified to exercise any freedom except that of being pogromized.

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TO the President go also heartiest thanks for his veto of the Daylight Saving Law which, fortunately, the House could not reverse. Every effort should be made by rallying the forces of public opinion to head off the new plan of repealing the law by a separate bill to be introduced at once. We are aware, of course, that there is a sharp conflict of interest here and that the farmer does suffer from the setting of the clocks forward, but this is only for part of the summer, though it is the most important part for him. It is one of those difficult cases of conflict of public interest which in this republic we seem to face with increasing frequency. For our urban population the Daylight Saving Law is a wonderful benefit as it is for all who seek the country for rest and recreation. It has worked admirably abroad wherever tried and, so far as we are aware, there is no such opposition to it in England or on the Continent as exists here. Perhaps in the future it will become necessary to submit a question of this kind to popular referendum and even then the minority will find it hard to accept a decision. But that our minorities do patiently submit under such circumstances is, after all, a chief glory of our government.

THE work of the Lusk investigating committee has so far borne fruit in a legal process to vacate the charter of the Rand School. The evidence against the character of the School has all presumably been published, and it is so weak and flimsy that the whole proceeding must be regarded as a peculiarly vicious and vindictive piece of railroading. There is not, as far as we have been able to discern in the reports, the slightest support for the assumption that the Rand School has gone beyond its clear rights. No doubt the files contained letters from bomb-throwers; no doubt, either, that Mr. Rockefeller's files and Mr. Pierpont Morgan's contain quite as many. No doubt that communist publications appeared on their shelves; but all this proves is that the School maintains a well-equipped book-store—as, in fact, it does. It carries plenty of opposition literature, too; it even carries John Spargo's contemptible treatise on Bolshevism. What interests us especially, however, is not the despicable and we trust futile attempt on the corporate life of the Rand School. We are interested in the practical consequences of this method of inculcating patriotism and respect for law. Do Governor Smith and the Lusk Committee really flatter themselves that they have any advantage over the long line of Dogberries, the world over, who have attempted this sort of thing and invariably failed? Can they really show any points to the most energetic Roman emperors—Nero, for instance, or Caligula—or to the Romanovs, to Stolypin or Trepov? The notion strikes us as absurdly funny, and yet they must have something like it in mind. What they are really doing, in a word, is to create more revolutionary sentiment of the bitter and violent kind, than all the Rand Schools that could be built and endowed in a year.

CONNECTICUT is the latest American State to follow the excellent example of England and abolish all statutory limitations upon the speed of automobiles. Henceforth the measure of improper driving will be recklessness and carelessness. To anyone who drives it is perfectly obvious that a chauffeur who is proceeding within the legal limitations as to speed may be a far greater menace to safety than one who is far exceeding it. Sudden stopping, turning without warning, driving without adequate lights—these are three of the serious things which may cause a greater calamity than driving at twenty miles an hour where the limit is fifteen. There are many incompetent drivers on the streets of all our large cities—they may be weeded out in New York City by the rigid examinations to which owners who hold licenses are soon to be subjected—but their incompetence rarely has to do with the matter of speed. As a matter of fact the speed provisions of the law have in many places been used by grafting constables and by bicycle policemen out to make a record for arrests, even in a most unfair and unjust way; the old law in Connecticut has been brought into contempt in this way. If we mistake not, Massachusetts has taken similar action, and the other States should follow suit promptly, for the policy of severely punishing a reckless or incompetent or criminal driver whether he proceeds at ten or fifty miles an hour has worked admirably wherever tried.

THE new system for the return of officers from France involving their travelling in the steerage with just twice the room usually allotted to common soldiers moved a number of such passengers on the Leviathan to complain that their quarters were "unbecoming officers and gentlemen, and injurious to the morale of the officer personnel." To the American common soldier the appeal was made that he give his manhood, his life, from motives of patriotism and not for pay. At the same time the officers in our army of democracy were paid handsome salaries to enable them to maintain class distinctions in keeping with our national democracy. The payment of bonuses in order to keep up the morale of officers during the war is a curious thing. But, having established this system of layer democracy, we certainly should observe its logical sequences and protect the morale of the officer personnel from the discomforts of steerage democracy.

IN the soul agitations of many American clergymen the pessimistic should find reassurance. For, while a multitude of evangels manage to live down the indiscretions of the Sermon on the Mount, others, like the Rev. I. P. Taylor, pastor of a prosperous Detroit church, have withdrawn from the ministry because, as Mr. Taylor puts it, "he cannot be a minister of a successful church and be a Christian." In his valedictory the Detroit church apostate complains that the successful churchman "bows to the will of the State in every crisis," whether it be the will of the German State or of the American State, the Union State or the Confederate State. This indictment is too general, for there is evidence that many American churchmen followed Christ rather than the king, refusing to abandon the Nazarene and his embarrassing economic doctrines. But to many preachers the Sermon on the Mount has become tabu, a thing in part sacred and in part shameful, to be concealed with modest drapery, excepting on rare occasions, like baptism and death. But shall the critics overlook the leadership of a Methodist parson in the Winnipeg labor strike, and the protest of the five New York ministers against the repressive measures and anti-Bolshevist hysteria and lawless raids against radicals? It was a clergyman in Houston, the Rev. Hiram B. Harrison, who protested in a sermon against the dismissal of a professor at Rice Institute for expressing unpopular views. And who was it that courageously inveighed against the closing of the costly be-steepled mausoleums by the fashionable ministry in midsummer but a minister, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Stratton?

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Fourteen Questions to Mr. Wilson

MR. PRESIDENT, when you appeared before the Senate it was most gratifying to note that you did not come as a conquering hero, but in a rather subdued spirit and with far greater show of a desire to coöperate with the treaty-ratifying body than has been your wont. Your sudden readiness to meet with the newspaper men in Washington after two years of obstinate refusal and your offering of your services to the Senators were clear signs, we take it, that you realized that the way is not so easy for you as to permit a resumption of your old policy of isolation within the White House, your playing a lone hand and your giving orders to Congress as to what you wished done. We find, moreover, in the fact that your reading of your speech was not as effective as usual, ground for the encouraging belief that you realize at heart how you have failed to bring home the real charter of popular liberty which you promised the world, and for which it has longed with an ardor you have yourself beautifully portrayed. It was not a trumpet call to blow down the walls of the Republican Jericho that you gave forth; there was nothing in it to make your auditors believe that you had brought back "the right" which on March 5 last you declared to be "the only permanent thing in the world." More than that, as foreseen, you confined yourself to glittering generalities, passing over the bitter wrongs and cruelties of the treaty and making no better plea for its failure to live up to the Fourteen Points than that it "nowhere cut to the heart of any principle"—how near to the heart it goes, and in how many cases, you leave us in doubt. Again you ended on that high note of idealism that would be of such vast service to all the world if only you would live up to it in practice.

Today it becomes necessary for all who seek the truth about the situation to turn to you, the propounder of the doctrine of "open covenants of peace openly arrived at," and to insist that you now take not only the Senate but the entire country into your confidence. We are aware that you explained your complete abandonment in Paris of the policy of "open covenants of peace openly arrived at" on the ground that you did not mean that all discussions should be in the open, but only that *after* the drawing up of the treaty it should be fully published and subject to public discussion. We take you at your word once more and demand in the name of the fifty thousand readers of *The Nation* that you give to the American public specific answer to the following Fourteen Questions:

1. Will you or will you not give out the letters of Gen. Bliss, Secretary Lansing, and Mr. White, protesting again and again against the compromises made by you without their previous knowledge or coöperation and specifically the letter of Gen. Bliss, concurred in by the others, protesting against the Shantung surrender?

2. Was the Shantung concession the price paid by you for Japanese adherence to the League of Nations?

3. Did not your State Department, when you invited China to join the United States in severing diplomatic relations with Germany, either directly or through the American Minister at Peking or the Chinese Minister at Washington, assure the Chinese Government in your behalf that, if it came into the war, you would use all your powers to protect China's territorial rights in the Peace Treaty?

4. Subsequently, when China declared war against Germany-Austria did you or did you not again make such promises to China?

5. When you first urged China to come into the war, were you aware that the British, French, Russian, and Italian Governments had made secret agreements with Japan in February and March, 1917, to support Japan's demands for the cession of all rights in Shantung? When did you first learn of these secret agreements and when, thereafter, did you notify China of their existence? Or did you keep her in ignorance?

6. In yielding to those secret agreements when they were finally disclosed, did you or did you not sacrifice the diplomatic honesty and the honor of the United States?

7. Did you or did you not obtain oral promises in the Council of Three from the Japanese plenipotentiary with regard to the evacuation of Shantung within a given time? Are such assurances in the secret minutes of the Council of Three (or Four) or are they not?

8. What action did you take with reference to the impudent Japanese attempt to intimidate the Chinese delegation at Paris into permitting Japan to handle Chinese interests and, when this failed, to force the Peking Government to repudiate its own delegation at Paris?

9. Bearing in mind your self-determination principle, why did you refuse to receive the Egyptian delegation and the Korean delegation and decline to permit the Irish case to be presented to the Conference?

10. Why did you betray the Egyptians by recognizing, after all these years, the British protectorate over Egypt and then keep that recognition of yours secret until the very moment when the Egyptian delegates arrived in Paris?

11. Why did you refuse to protect national minorities in the League Covenant and propose treaties protecting such minorities only to the new states such as Poland and the enemy powers? Is there or is there not a gentlemen's agreement that self-determination within the Allied lands shall not be assisted or permitted by any Power?

12. Besides the Monroe Doctrine, what "territorial arrangements similar" to it are covered by the clause of the League protecting such arrangements? Is the burglarious Franco-British Accord of 1917, dividing Russia into spheres of action, thus protected? Or the Allied spheres of influence in China, or the British sphere of influence in Persia, or the secret treaty for the partition of Turkey?

13. What motives induced you to give your promise not to publish the treaty? Why, having assured Congress that you wished it to prosecute its inquiry into the leak most thoroughly did you fail to act when it appeared that copies were being handed around, one by Messrs. Davison and Lamont? Was it honorable to withhold the treaty from America when it was on sale abroad—even in Germany, and in English?

14. Finally, and most important of all, is it not true that when *all the British delegates in Paris,* Lloyd George included, asked you to help them modify what they considered the unduly harsh and cruel features of the treaty with Germany, you, voicing as you have so often asserted the aspirations of the common peoples and of humanity itself, declined to give your aid to these delegates, that being one reason why Lloyd George describes the treaty as "terribly severe"?

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Secret Treaties Again

M. CLEMENCEAU said the other day that it might require six months to complete the Turkish settlement; and now, according to a special dispatch to *The New York Times*, word has reached Washington that *Le Temps* has published the Anglo-French secret treaty of 1916 for the partition of Turkey, "which," *The Times* says, "has been the basis of negotiations at Paris for the settlement of the near-Eastern question." The chronology of this unsavory transaction is as follows: The complete text of the treaty is contained in a letter dated May 9, 1916, from M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador to England, to Sir Edward Grey. Sir Edward replied on May 15—careful soul!—asking for a special guarantee for British concessions. M. Cambon delivered the guarantee on the same day; and on the day following, May 16, 1916, Sir Edward officially accepted the agreement. Italy was let in on the deal in August, 1917, and the Anglo-French territorial arrangement was revised in such a way as to allow her a couple of "zones" as her share of the swag. Russia was also to have come in, but collapsed.

In the territorial apportionment and in the commercial provisions of the treaty, the British interests, as always, got the best of it. These thrifty brethren picked off the choice stretch of Mediterranean coast that includes the ports of Acre and Haifa; also the river region that insures control of the Euphrates and the Tigris. France got the rest of the coast and of the river region—headwater country—which was not so bad. One observes with interest that it is between these holdings of England and France—and with every natural outlet covered by these holdings—that the native Arab state or states were to be set up. A neater geographical mechanism of exploitation could hardly be devised. Palestine fell to England and the Lebanon district apparently goes to France. Italy, coming in later, got territory about Smyrna and Adina that the major brigands were no doubt dreadfully distressed to part with, but Italy held them up for it as part of her price for military aid. As it looks, since the Peace Conference, as if Smyrna might definitely be held by Greece, Italy is probably ruminating with some anxiety over the proverbial honor among thieves—as indeed she has had occasion to do before.

Our newspapers, with the usual honorable exceptions, swallow the treaty manfully if not quite complacently. Even *The New York Evening Post*, after a great deal of retching, finally manages to get it down. "Secret diplomacy," says this paper,

> must be interpreted in the light of war psychology, and it must receive the allowance which is made for measures initiated by every belligerent "for the duration of the war." . . . The treaties were negotiated at a time when the fortune of war was running against the Allies and when the prime need was the cementing of unity for the long and desperate struggle that confronted them. . . . The secrecy of the arrangements was in part due perhaps to the fact that popular attention in all the Allied countries was infinitely less concerned with diplomacy than with the business of war. Finally, the wholesale partitions were to be at the expense of a power whose pre-war record would have justified the most drastic action.

We quote the foregoing as about the best line of apology that can be made in the premises. It does not prepossess us, probably on account of the general air of fictitiousness and unreality that must pervade any attempt at apology.

For us, this news-item comes as an incidental but powerful confirmation of the position that *The Nation* has all along maintained. Again and again we have said that the secret treaties published by Lenin at Petrograd are one of the two points necessary to determine the straight line of Allied policy. The war (including the armistice and the peace) is the other. We have said that if anyone wishes to know what the Allied war-aims really were, and at the same time to make a correct estimate of the quality of Allied professions as to the war, all he has to do is to check up the terms of the armistice and the peace with the terms of the secret treaties, and he will find that they tally with unfailing regularity. The terms of the armistice were the terms of the secret treaties; the terms of the peace are the terms of the secret treaties. This excursion into diplomatic history leads to the inevitable conclusion that the Allies, having waged a double-faced war partly for the secret treaties, have now concluded a crooked peace in fulfilment of the secret treaties. Now that its shop-worn window-dressing has been removed, the war stands revealed in many of its aspects as a sordid and criminal grabbing for markets and exploitable territory. The secret treaties declared it such; the armistice proved it such; and the peace has established it as such, beyond question or peradventure. And collateral evidence of the same order has of late begun to appear with striking frequency; the secret understanding with Poland, the secret understanding with Mannerheim—think of it!—and now, the secret Anglo-French-Italian understanding, which "has been the basis of the negotiations at Paris for the settlement of the near-Eastern question." It has been that very thing; oh, yes, it has. The reader may be quite sure of it.

Gentlemen of the Senate, this is the sort of thing that you are now asked to approve and ratify. This is the reality, the unlovely reality, behind all the specious and beautiful official formulæ of the war; it is the reality masked by the attractive decoration of democracy, liberty, self-determination, and what not. What you are really wanted to indorse is none of these high principles; it is the amazing rapacity of the secret treaties. One can hardly say which is the most impressive, the hypocrisy of such Allied policy, or the impudence which now tells you that the heart of the world will break if you do not assent to it. Why, are not the hands that shaped the secret treaties the self-same hands that now present for your approval their fixed and final consummation? Gentlemen, we are aware that this may be quite what you want. If so, you should ratify it, the public should acclaim it. We ask merely that before deciding, you and the public should draw a long breath and trace up the lineage of the document before you. Go carefully, point by point, through the secret treaties which Lenin mouseled out of the stews of Petrograd's Foreign Office—they have all been published here—and compare their terms with the terms of the armistice and of the peace. Then turn upon them the side-light cast by the secret arrangements with Mannerheim and with Poland, and by this newly exposed treaty of 1916. Then consider the instrument which President Wilson has laid before you; and if after thus identifying its ancestry, after thus establishing the sin in which it was conceived and the iniquity in which it was brought forth, you are satisfied with it and willing to ratify it, we can have nothing more to say.

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Labor: Some Constructive Phases

WHEN the Pan-American Federation of Labor met in New York last week it gave fresh proof of the new and constructive spirit of the organized workers when it voted that all nations, friendly or hostile, be admitted to the League at once. Even Mr. Gompers agreed with this, mellowed, perhaps, by his success in quieting an incipient revolt against him because of the anti-immigration resolutions passed by the American Federation of Labor at Atlantic City specially aimed at Mexican labor. If there were some reactionary steps taken at Atlantic City and some curious oversights like the failure to put on record any statement of gratitude to the disappearing War Labor Board for its extraordinary services to labor, there were more forward-looking actions taken than have as yet been recorded in *The Nation*, or any other non-labor journal. Cynics will perhaps say that that was inevitable in a convention which passed no less than 214 resolutions, that there were bound to be some good ones.

But that is not the whole answer. There were too many significant actions to allow it to be said that this was purely accidental, even in view of the disappointing bearing of the convention towards what is going on in the world and toward politics. The convention adopted a number of resolutions looking to further organization of existing unions and to plans for organizing workers not now banded together. Its forty-four hour week programme is an advance, and it went further than anyone expected it to in sanctioning, and pledging its support to, efforts by groups of workers to get the seven- or even the six-hour day. It not only urged policemen to organize, but promised an international charter to them. It endorsed government ownership of the railroads and directed the Executive Council to coöperate with the Railroad Brotherhoods toward a reorganization of the industry in accordance with their own plan, the Plumb plan. It directed the attention of employers to the fact that the condition of the wage-worker today, with wages as high as they are, is less desirable than it was four years ago, with wages as low as they then were, and advised immediate revision upward as a means of saving losses due to controversies. Its educational programme is worthy of close study by all forward-looking persons. It condemned the suppression of free speech in Western Pennsylvania and directed its officers to brave jail if necessary.

But in the long run of trade union history in America, there are few more important facts to be chronicled than the action with respect to the Negro industrial worker taken at Atlantic City. There are two million Negro wage-earners in the United States. They have had the idea, based on considerable fact, that they were not welcome in the American labor movement, for several unions have rankly discriminated against them. However, they joined the unions wherever they were permitted to, and they have shown themselves to be quite as susceptible to the arguments of organized labor as the white man. Only six Negro delegates were on the floor of the convention last year. There were twenty-three at Atlantic City. And several of them were women. These colored delegates prepared a set of resolutions, the purport of which was that the Federation should grant an international charter under which all colored workers, skilled and unskilled, might rally for their economic defence. The Committee on Resolutions found it to be subversive of the best interests of the labor movement and of the nation that there should be race distinctions, and so reported; adding, however, a recommendation that the "Executive Council give particular attention to the organization of colored workers everywhere and assign organizers wherever possible; and that in cases where international unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor refuse admittance to colored workers the American Federation of Labor organize these colored workers under charters from the American Federation of Labor." For a half hour after the reading of this recommendation by Chairman Duffy of the Committee there was such a demonstration as to move an observer to the belief that here was a chapter of labor history in the making. For no less than forty heads of international unions arose and welcomed black men into their ranks. A woman, Mollie Freedman, of the International Ladies Garment Workers, led the procession. She said that her union not only did not object to colored members but that "we have already six thousand colored girls in our membership and we are proud of them" and there were cheers. John Lacey, a diminutive but spirited leader of colored workers in Norfolk, also received great applause.

So far so good. To these hopeful signs must also be added the growing tendency throughout the country to conduct strikes without violence. But labor has much yet to do before it can achieve the position to which it is entitled. Besides sloughing off its present national leadership, it must learn to discard its economic heresies. It must abandon the limitation of output, the duplication of jobs and "soldiering" at given tasks. Again, nothing is to be gained by the refusal of unions to accept financial responsibility. Along these lines is the greatest opportunity for patriotic service and for the advancement of labor's cause.

John Fox, Jr. and his Kentucky

JOHN FOX, Jr., whose recent death at the age of only fifty-six many readers of American fiction will genuinely regret, belonged to the small but marked group of writers who at the close of the nineteenth century as truly discovered and settled Kentucky as had the Boones and Harrods and Hendersons of an earlier generation. Kentucky, of course, was no late comer to the federated republic of romance; she had become a legend almost before she became a fact. The Dark and Bloody Ground from the first cast a strong spell over the pioneers who gazed down from the Alleghany mountain wall upon the superb rivers and mellow valleys of the Blue Grass region. The westward-looking imagination of the entire seaboard took root earliest in Kentucky, and, somewhat capriciously, elected as the proper hero of that adventurous terrain the man who has ever since been for Americans the classic symbol of the frontier—Daniel Boone. His autobiography, actually written by a pedantic backwoods Plutarch, John Filson, had established the Boone saga by 1800, and thereafter travellers, novelists, and the popular tradition rapidly enlarged it to the serene dimensions with which subsequent iconoclasm has struggled quite in vain. Nor was it merely the exciting deeds of Boone that won honor during the ascendancy of Fenimore Cooper's school of romance. Side by side with such records of rough, hardy, eccentric virtues grew up the reputation and memory of a more civil Kentucky, a transplanted Virginia, high-hearted and open-handed.

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This courtly Kentucky Opie Read and James Lane Allen, in their different fashions, discovered again about 1890 on their journey of escape from what we may call the settlements of realism, districts then somewhat imperially controlled by Henry James and William Dean Howells. South of them along the Mississippi was George Washington Cable, felicitous historian of the dainty exotic world of New Orleans; north of them was Mary Hartwell Catherwood, taught by Francis Parkman to perceive the gay colors of life under the French régime in Illinois. In the first Kentucky novels of the new order were united the glory long associated with the founders of the State and the fine glamor thrown upon antebellum conditions by two decades of affectionate memory since the Civil War. Opie Read has been overlooked and undervalued; James Lane Allen stands up in our opinion as the historiographer royal of a Kentucky opulent in lovely women, chivalric men, faithful blacks, and a landscape subtly fragrant and intoxicating. But there was another Kentucky to be taken account of, the Kentucky whose inhabitants descend, not from the sons and daughters of the Tidewater who set up a new commonwealth on the Blue Grass, but rather from the slaveless, unprospering men and women who stopped in the congenial mountains and continued a species which for more than a century went hardly a step beyond the stage of cultivation in which it left the earlier wilderness farther east. This neighborhood John Fox took possession of in the name of fiction.

It is true that Charles Egbert Craddock had already displayed with knowledge and skill the related mountaineers of Tennessee, but Fox added to as great a familiarity with his materials as Miss Murfree had with hers a better sense of form, more lucidity, and a distinctive personal flavor. His rendering of dialect was particularly happy; his descriptions of landscape richly colored, though tending to ornateness. He knew how to tell a story with contagious speed. He could shape a plot to the advantage of tense dramatic moments, in which he excelled. He was frankly, tenderly Southern in his sympathies—an attitude which the people of his own section naturally approved, and which, in fiction at least, Northerners have rarely disapproved since the first bitterness of the War died away. At the same time, Fox's imagination was not irreconcilable or secessionistic, as appears well enough in "Crittenden," the story of Kentuckians passionately devoted to a united nation during the Spanish War. This particular novel differs from the better known—and better—novels, "A Cumberland Vendetta," "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," in its larger concern with the lowlands, and in its even larger admixture of the sentimentalism which was the bane of the period in which John Fox conspicuously flourished, and which will do more than anything else to deprive his novels of a long life.

Sugar spoils sooner than salt, in literature. The sweetness of Fox's heroines already cloys. His ideas, too, and his whole interpretation of human life are conventional. He built his tales upon the old romantic formulas, without a sign that he had ever looked deeper than the surface of human existence as it is traditionally reproduced in popular literature. Whether his peculiar charm, and the luxuriant atmosphere of his books, can preserve them alive when his motives no longer convince, it is too hard and too early to say. The solid matter which will help to preserve them must be looked for less in his ideas or his art than in his knowledge of the mountaineers, in his really keen observation of their look and dress and speech and customs.

The Unthinking Drift

IT is not so very long ago that one of our humorous weeklies printed portions of the 1940 diary of the last resident of Jersey City. A man of unyielding courage, he had persisted in dwelling under the aeroplane highroad between New York and Philadelphia long after his fellow-citizens had moved out from under the busiest aerial route in America. Finally he, too, surrendered, the last straw being the passing back and forth over his house for several hours of a hilarious bridal-party which, after showering with rice the happy couple in their new 150-mile per hour sedan two-seater as they left for a week in Hawaii, had had the happy thought of seeing how many champagne—we suppose he meant champagne *cider*—bottles they could drop down his chimney.

It was an idle fancy, of course—and yet was it? From a reliable newspaper we take the following despatch:

PROTEST AGAINST AIRPLANES

HARBOR GRACE, N. F.—Newfoundland has not been won over entirely to aerial navigation. Writing to a St. Johns paper, just after the Vickers-Vimy start was made, "Pro Bono Publico" made this complaint:

"I wish to voice a protest against an airplane being allowed to fly over the city, frightening our poultry, and thereby interfering with the supply of eggs, so important during the present shortage of food. This nuisance is only just beginning, and now is the time to stop it, before the airplane becomes as great a pest as the bicycle and motor car."

Dear Pro Bono Publico—what should we do without him? Not a year since newspapers were founded, we are sure, but he has fought boldly against these innovations that will disturb the even tenor of mankind's way. It was the great-grandfather of this Harbor Grace P. B. P., we are convinced, who protested against the coming in of railroad trains—they would frighten the horses and the cows, the terrible smoke from the wooden fire-boxes, so full of sparks, was sure to lay in ashes the farmers' crops and their homes, while his medical brother proved positively the coming of a new disease by reason of the strain upon the nervous system in jolting over the ties at the breakneck speed of 12 miles an hour. But we stand with the worthy Harbor Grace descendant. We love our heaven even more than our poultry. We will *not* have aeroplanes tumbling into our back yard, neither could we bear it to look up and see the canopy black above us with swarming creatures of the air as dread as any antediluvian, horrific monster. If only there had been a few more P. B. P.'s at the beginning of the drift toward woman suffrage and prohibition these dreadful innovations could have been so easily scotched! And now they are upon us in all their shocking radicalism.

Is there danger in these light-minded days of Bolshevism that there may yet be only men with souls so dead as always to see good in the new, as to embrace only the novel, as to have vision only for ways that are strange? Heaven be praised, *no*. Pro Bono Publico will always be with us, and if a favor-seeking press should some day deny him space for his plaints, still all will not be lost. He may come to New York from Harbor Grace, and start a weekly journal to resist the unthinking drift toward radical innovation, airships, professors' unions, a free Ireland, soviets, and all the rest. Why not? It is a most happy occupation—and it sets no river on fire.

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Abraham Jacobi—The Last of the Forty-Eighters

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

WITH the death of Abraham Jacobi there passes on the last of an extraordinary group of Americans, the Germans who immigrated to the United States as a result of the abortive revolutions in Germany in 1848—revolutions which, had they succeeded, would have democratized Germany and made impossible the most terrible chapter in history. No finer or more loyal patriots, no better stock for citizenship ever came to the United States than these men of Forty-Eight. They had been willing to risk all in the battle for liberty and nearly every one of those who became leaders in America, Carl Schurz, Theodor Koerner, Hans Kudlich, the Hilgards of Belleville, Illinois, Franz Sigel and Abraham Jacobi and all the rest, had had the death sentence passed upon them or had paid for their share in the revolution by years in prison. Dr. Jacobi was of the latter; from his twenty-first to his twenty-third year he was behind prison bars, for months wearing chains in dark cells.

Prison is often good for the soul when the sentence is imposed upon one whose only offence is battling for liberty—as Eugene Debs, one of our great Americans, is daily bearing witness in his cell at Atlanta. I have often wondered if Dr. Jacobi would have been all of the splendid man he was if he had not had those months of facing the worst and of the loss of the light of day. I have felt that it was during this period that he worked out his whole theory and philosophy of life, that he formulated the basic principles with which throughout long years he measured men and events. For he was one of those fortunate men who never consult expediency, who do not, as the Germans says, hold a leaf before their mouths. He never had to puzzle as to what position to take on any matter and he always took the enlightened one because he always applied the yard-stick of principle. Being a great scientist and searcher after truth, he could never allow passion or prejudice to cloud his judgment in matters political or social. Being in the best sense a man of the world, he could not be a narrow American; being nobly tolerant of the right of others to their views, he believed not at all in the suppression of opinion, and, being the foe of wrong everywhere, he could not be silent when his own country yielded to imperialism.

Being the son of one, I have sat at the feet of many of these Forty-Eighters and I never heard fall from the lips of any one of them anything but the most ardent love for the old America. They valued their citizenship in this country and its ideals more than any native American I have ever met. Americans who are born to their heritage, alas, usually take it as those of us who are born to wealth and comforts take their good fortune—as something quite a matter of course and our due, entailing no obligations and no special responsibilities. These Forty-Eighters had dreamed about America as they dreamed about heaven in the days when they plotted the overthrow of their home governments. It meant to them paradise—liberty, equality, freedom and humanity, the most exquisite words in any language—as they wore their chains and wondered when the executioner would sever their heads from their bodies. It was America that inspired Carl Schurz as he stood outside of the guardroom of the prison in Spandau with a revolver in each hand, bent on freeing his teacher Kinkel and wondering, as he stood there and heard footsteps approaching, whether it meant freedom for Kinkel or suicide for himself in the event of discovery. To America these men came with a thankfulness and a gratitude which they were quick to reveal in the ardor with which they threw themselves into the fight for liberty for the slaves and the zeal with which they fought on the battlefields of the Civil War. They were to their last breath as devoted to the ideals of America as George Washington or the Abraham Lincoln most of them knew and all supported. They were as jealous of its good name and its freedom from the mistakes of the old world as a lover of his mistress and I know well the agony of mind which many of them suffered in 1898 when we fought our unjust and unnecessary war against Spain and began our career of over-seas intervention, of colonizing, of imperialism, and of faithlessness to the teachings of the fathers, which has now landed us in the maëlstrom of European political entanglements—for a time. Carl Schurz foresaw and protested against our great navy and our imperialism when it was in its inception.

He and Dr. Jacobi could not bear to see this country putting up the bars against the hapless and persecuted of other nations, because, having developed much of its resources by the brawn of foreigners and become rich thereby, it was suddenly so purse-proud as to be willing to cast off the "Dutchies," "dagoes," "wops," Chinese, Irish, and others whom it was once so glad to welcome to its shores. Mr. Schurz died before we abolished by law the right of political asylum in America and made it a criminal offense to do what the Irish are doing today—to plot here for a revolution within another country—this in the land which gave such a royal reception to Kossuth and raised money by public subscription for revolutions in Greece, Hungary, Italy, and heaven knows how many other lands. Nothing could, I believe, more clearly indicate the change that has come over the spirit of the America that called to the Forty-Eighters than this sudden alteration of our national attitude towards those struggling for liberty abroad unless it be our attitude towards those who are so wicked as to believe that there is something wrong with our own institutions and social system, when the country seethes with unrest and discontent.

Abraham Jacobi held to the end his hatred of everything that smacked of royalty. When we were planning the unveiling of Karl Bitter's noble statue to Schurz, Dr. Jacobi protested most earnestly against Ambassador Bernstorff's taking part in the ceremonies, not because of any personal feeling against the man—it was before the war—but because he represented an emperor and the monarchies against which Schurz and he in his boyhood had rebelled. When Nicholas Murray Butler and other Simon-pure Americans were busy toadying to Kaiser William at Cassel and Berlin and accepting bauble decorations from him, Jacobi was unwavering in his republican refusal to tolerate anything that looked like an approach to that potentate. Why may not a son of Henry Villard here recall what any other American citizen would surely recall with pride, that when offered by a President the position of American minister to Berlin, Mr. Villard declined it because he had never learned

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to crook his knee to a king. Their passion for republicanism, I believe, cannot be surpassed today in any group of Americans, yet they would not have been acceptable to the Security League or the American Defense Society. The difference is that their republicanism was bred in the bone and that it was not to be adulterated by foreign admixtures, the adoption of the attributes of monarchies such as universal military service, or K.C.B.'s. More than that, they were neither for America for the Americans, nor for our country "right or wrong." It was Schurz who amended Decatur's declaration to read: "My country when right, when wrong to be set right." He would have deemed it treachery to democracy and American institutions to give any politicians the right to do wrong and then to enslave all the country by demanding blind, patriotic adhesion to their policies under the alternative of jail. How he would have exposed the sophistries and hypocrisies of Woodrow Wilson any one will understand when it is recalled how he flayed and, more than any other one man, defeated James G. Blaine in 1884 by a series of overwhelming speeches.

Politics was not of course Dr. Jacobi's specialty. I hate to call him a "good citizen" because that calls up the memory of so many men of good intentions who for years led us in New York City, but helped us out of our political sloughs not at all—perhaps because they were so completely class-conscious. But Dr. Jacobi was always to be had for any movement for betterment. If they formed a committee of seventy or one hundred his name was always on it. Yet, he having the modesty of the truly great, few people realized how steady was his contribution to reform causes. The City Club, the Citizens Union, Civil Service reform, better housing, the medical care of the poor and every movement for combating human disease came to this wise man for his support. And wise man he was. That magnificent head, the shaggy brow, those all-comprehending eyes formed a countenance to awe and impress until one knew the kindliness and warmth underneath and that he was always as generous to worth as he was tender to the little children who were his chief concern. Yet he could castigate with a vigor that spared no one when his feelings were deeply aroused, as when he heard of some friends who sought to apologize for the dastardly sinking of the Lusitania and to argue that the Germans had a legal excuse for that atrocity. That he never forgave. He saw in the German going to war and their method of conducting it merely the flowering of the Prussian system of government against which he as a boy had revolted, the inevitable result of universal military service and the drugging of the conscience of the people by the various forms of state benefactions.

Yet he was never revengeful nor bitter. He would not consent to a dissolution of the Germanistic Society of which he was the head because he wished and hoped for a new and republican Germany when the old, against which he was so outspoken from the day the Germans crossed into Belgium, had perished. He did not lose faith in the German people nor altogether in their scientists. The latter, by the way, often tried to lure him back to Germany; he could have had his pick of any of the German universities had he desired to return to his fatherland, but nothing could tempt him to leave America. But above America with him was humanity, and he lived this doctrine where others have merely mouthed it. That he was the Nestor of his profession goes without saying. What he did for the spread of knowledge of and the treatment of children's diseases can hardly be set forth by a layman, but for sixty years he led in this field. It was stated at his funeral by Dr. Sayre that no child would be born hereafter but would be in debt to Dr. Jacobi. Not that he was a narrow specialist; that extraordinary thoroughness he acquired on the other side, his clarity of judgment, his command of principles and his great reasoning powers together with his remarkable learning in all branches of his profession and in many other fields, made him in great demand as a consultant in all sorts of cases—even surgical. As a teacher he was of the best because he was one of those instructors who know so much more than they can possibly give out; one felt instinctively that he never had to and never could reveal all the solid deposits of learning he possessed. There were depths that were never plumbed—which makes it all the more tragic that his autobiographical writings and many professional studies of great value were destroyed in the fire which nearly cost him his life last year. Dr. Jacobi was also the clearest of teachers as he was a most impressive speaker because of the clarity of his thought and its expression. More than that, he was of the old type of physician who was also counsellor and friend, and he was about as far removed from the modern specialist of a certain fashionable type, who helps rich patients to enjoy comfortable and long illnesses, as this sphere is from Mars. Indeed, he was always more interested in aiding the children of the poor than those of any other class. The uncollected and uncharged fees of Abraham Jacobi for services rendered would have made a half-dozen physicians well-to-do. Is it not a perfect ending to this life of unending service that though eighty-nine, he practiced to the last? Four days before his death his last prescription restored to health a little babe. How touchingly, how exquisitely fitting! Who can behold this life and not feel that sometimes sheer goodness and profound merit *do* find their reward on earth?

But it is to the man himself and not to the physician that I turn finally—he was so big, so generous, so fine, so noble! To have known him was to receive a quickening of faith in all humanity because that rock of character of his was so immovable from its base. Why do we not have such characters in our public life, men who will hew to the line as Grover Cleveland used to even when he was told that it would cost him his career? If I thought a soviet form of government would draw men into our public life of this type in place of the professional politician, however oratorical, I should be for it tomorrow—because it is just the lack of such rugged, unchangeable characters in the public life of the world that is responsible for more than half its troubles. I believe that Dr. Jacobi would have withstood temptations in office and the insidious undermining of character by office as did Schurz—twenty years after his service as Secretary of the Interior they were still speaking in Indian affairs of the "halcyon days of Schurz." I am most profoundly not of the belief that the day of giants like these is over. We shall produce them here at home and they will come to us surely from abroad, yes, even from Germany again, but not unless we give them the old America and the old American ideals to inspire them and to bring them to us, in place of the modern, imperialistic, heretic-hunting, truth-suppressing, super-patriotic America, ready to allow itself to be swept from its true moorings by a false press, by skilful propaganda, by disingenuous appeals to that great inherent quality of idealism which made America the land of such hope and promise to the Forty-Eighters.

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The Communist Terror in Munich

By Dr. MAX HIRSCHBERG

STRANGELY enough it was quiet, backward Bavaria, with its sleeping villages and its Catholic population, largely reactionary and somewhat stupid, a peasant land with little industry, and without much wealth, that took the lead in the German revolution. The Bavarians themselves, indolent and averse to radical experiments, did not effect this revolution. It was a small group of zealous revolutionaries led by Kurt Eisner which, on November 8, 1918, overthrew the centuries-old kingdom of the Wittelsbachs like a house of cards. The people of Munich went to bed as usual on November 7, railing at the thin war-beer, and awoke astonished on November 8 as citizens of the first German democratic republic.

The murder of Eisner at the end of February and the severe wounding of Auer robbed the proletariat at one blow of the two leaders who could control the aroused masses. Anarchy resulted. The middle classes were overawed; the Landtag was in mortal terror of holding further sessions; industrial depression and insecurity rapidly grew. The masses in the large cities were thrown more and more into the power of the radicals of the left—the Independents and the Communists—who demanded the dictatorship of the proletariat in the form of the soviet republic. They thought of imitating the Russian model, without considering how foolish a blind acceptance of the Russian soviet system must be under the entirely different conditions existing in Bavaria. A politically untrained proletariat, a bourgeoisie and peasant class for the most part thoroughly reactionary and clerical, and, at the head of the new soviet republic, demagogues and dilettanti without political experience—all these made it clear the experiment must miscarry.

The greatest influence on the masses was exercised by Ernst Toller, a twenty-five-year-old student of economics. Like Eisner, who used to work twenty-two hours a day and allowed himself hardly the necessities of life, he is a whole-souled idealist who fought, not for his own ends, but to liberate the proletariat, to free the poor and exploited, with an enthusiasm that sprang from his own high spirit. In the same way, the soldiers' deputy, Gustav Klingelhöfer, a man who in poverty had achieved his education by private study, was a pure idealist who worked untiringly in meetings, conferences, in the press (he was editor of the *Süddeutsche Freiheit,* an organ of humanitarianism and of the moral elevation of the people), although his poverty permitted him only the barest necessities of life. Since the bourgeoisie would not willingly permit the introduction of Socialism, Toller and Klingelhöfer demanded the dictatorship of the proletariat, but they passionately rejected terrorism, or any resort to force.

On the other hand, the leaders of the Communists, who acquired greater and greater influence with the masses, were of another type. At their head stood the Russian Bolshevist, Max Levien, a fascinating speaker who could arouse the mob instinct to an intense pitch by his reckless and often unscrupulous methods; a man who lived only by hate, and wished to know nothing of kindness and reason; a preacher of brutal terrorism of the proletariat over the middle classes. With his pale, cruel face furrowed by suffering, he seemed more like a wild animal than a clever, resourceful politician. Far superior to him in learning and spiritual purpose, was the Russian agitator Levinné-Niessen, who had led the Spartacist riots in Berlin, where a warrant was out for his arrest. He had studied in Germany, belonged to revolutionary circles in Russia, had been arrested and mistreated by the government of the Czar, had fled from the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, and had finally come to Germany as a Bolshevist agitator.

Since the Landtag no longer functioned, authority rested in the Revolutionary Central Soviet, which decided on the night of April 6-7 to dissolve the Landtag, recall the ministry, and call into being the Soviet Republic of Bavaria. The Cabinet fled to Bamberg under the leadership of the majority-socialist Premier Hoffman. It very soon became evident that the majority of the country were not with the Central Soviet. The peasants largely rejected any radical upheaval, particularly when brought about by foreign agitators. Nuremberg, Bamberg, and Bayreuth supported the Hoffman Government. The Soviet Government had real power only in Munich and Augsburg. Here alone it could naturally not sustain itself, for the peasants had only to withhold food, and in a short time Munich would be starved out.

Thus, the Bavarian soviet republic was still-born. Its leaders themselves were never united. Because independent and majority Socialists took part in its founding, it was not radical enough for the Communists, who consequently refused at first to work with the so-called Government, at whose head stood Toller. His lack of statesmanship, for which glowing idealism can never be a substitute, now showed itself. Instead of liquidating the unlucky undertaking as soon as possible, he insisted that the soviet republic must be maintained. Telegrams of greeting to the Russian and Hungarian Soviet Republics were drawn up. The Bavarian minister to Berlin was recalled in a dispatch that created great amusement. The bourgeoisie was ordered to disarm, under heavy penalties. The socialization first of the press, then of dwellings, and of mines, was to be effected immediately. In the place of the good old *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten,* appeared a revolutionary paper which instead of its previous gentle fare, printed a communist manifesto, Bolshevist notices, and cubist pictures which filled the Munich *burgher* with indignation. Foreign news could no longer be obtained. It was impossible in Munich to learn about the beginnings of the Peace Conference. Sometimes it seemed as though we were witnessing a comic opera.

But the affair became terribly serious. The Communists took over the leadership. With them went the ragamuffins, while respectable workingmen, more and more confused, saw destruction approaching. The Communist leaders now finally established the dictatorship of the proletariat according to the Russian plan, in the form of a hateful and brutal suppression of all property owners. The immediate occasion of this development was an attempted uprising by the enemies of the soviet republic in Munich on the night of April 12-13. They arrested some of the leaders, though only a few important ones, and posted announcements that the whole garrison of Munich had put itself under the Hoffman Government and had overthrown the soviet re-

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public. But it soon appeared that the greater part of the troops knew nothing at all of this. The resentment of the workers and soldiers was raised to the extreme by this unfortunate uprising, and the ground prepared for uncontrolled class hatred and friction. Since in the meantime the soviet régime in Augsburg had also become very shaky, the soviet republic of Bavaria had shrunk into being the soviet republic of Munich and its suburbs.

The reasonable thing to do would have been to come to as speedy agreement as possible with the Hoffman Government, to end the unhappy communist enterprise which no longer served anyone, least of all the proletariat. Otherwise Munich would be an economic wreck in a few weeks. Levien and Levinné-Niessen were, however, much too blind and convinced of the correctness of the Russian methods to surrender. With fiery eagerness they created a Red Guard and a Red Army, the latter for the conflict with the Hoffman troops. As the soldiers were assured of good food, good treatment and ample pay, and as the rumor spread that the unemployed would no longer receive their subsidies if they did not report for service in the Red Army, that army grew to a strength estimated at from 20,000 to 30,000. They were undisciplined groups, poorly armed, though they had machine guns and cannon. They tore up the railroads and built defenses around Munich. Auxiliary companies of armed workmen were also formed.

Business and food imports stopped almost entirely. A foolish general strike of 14 days was ordered, so that industries were compelled to pay their workers and officials full salaries, without having any income. Respectable old firms, like the machine shops of Maffei, nearly became bankrupt. Bank deposits could not be withdrawn or transferred outside of Bavaria; each depositor could withdraw only 100 marks a day. Long rows of waiting people formed before the banks, as they had previously formed before the food and cigarette stores, in order to receive, after hours of waiting, the small sums permitted them. In spite of this limit on withdrawals there was a tremendous shortage of money in the banks, since deposits ceased and financial intercourse with the rest of Bavaria was cut off. The "Peoples' Commissar for Finances," therefore, ordered the opening of all safe-deposit boxes in the presence of their owners. Those who did not appear forfeited the contents of their boxes. Of course the result of this foolish measure was also quite insignificant. At the end of April the workers, the unemployed, and the soldiers failed to get their full wages, and when these final supporters of the Soviet Government found themselves, as they thought, cheated, the situation became impossible. The Hoffman Government assembled troops to conquer Munich by force of arms. Since there were not sufficient Bavarian and volunteer troops, the Federal government was appealed to for contingents which Noske gladly placed at Hoffman's disposal. Wurtemberg also sent support. So a circle of about 60,000 troops drew closer around Munich, and Augsburg was taken.

Then the Levien-Levinné Government decided on a fearful step. It began to seize well-known Munich citizens as hostages. Armed bands forced themselves into dwellings, took hapless citizens of any age prisoners, and dragged them to jail. More than one hundred hostages were taken, most of whom, fortunately, were set free, or escaped in the prevailing confusion. A small group of unfortunate hostages, who were never to see the light again, were lodged in the cellar of the Luitpold gymnasium. Some inhuman barbarian ordered some of them shot in retaliation for the first Red Guards to fall in battle. Ten hostages, among them a woman who had been arrested for counter-revolutionary activity, were shot down in the court-yard. The news of this bloody step spread through the city like the wind, and reached the besiegers. The Hoffman Government decided to attack at once to prevent worse outrages. Hitherto it had shrunk from shedding blood, as it had from starving Munich. Now the Government troops attacked on all fronts, and after fierce fighting forced their way into the city. Thus, quiet Munich became on May 1 and 2 the scene of bloody civil war. The workers and Red Guards, inspired by the communist ideal, and determined for the most part to fight to the end, battled with terrible bitterness. The leaders and their satellites, some of the latter of whom had instituted an unbelievable misrule, mixed with wine and women, in the cabinet chambers and public offices, fled. The workmen, however, bled, as always, for the sins of their leaders. The number of those who fell on both sides is reckoned at at least a thousand, and long rows of graves were dug in the Munich cemeteries for the unfortunate victims of the combats. Terrible happenings on both sides resulted from the bitterness of the conflict. Red Guards on the housetops shot down the Hoffman sentries even eight days after the Government victories. The Government troops, however, took their vengeance with equal ruthlessness and brutality—the "white terror" was in full swing.

More than one hundred captured workmen and Red Guards were shot without a trial. The embittered hatred of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie became incredible. On many sides there were expressions of peace and reconciliation, but in vain. Heavy sentences—many against wholly innocent people—mistreatment, and shooting were the order of the day. The Hoffman Government was overruled by generals who treated the communists as brutally as though they were Germans in an enemy country. Among the many innocent victims of this senseless excitement were twenty-one members of a Christian Labor Union who were holding a meeting when they were arrested. They were killed in the cellar of their prison by soldiers who took them for Spartacists. The horrors of the Thirty Years War seemed to have returned. A strict order of the commanding general was finally necessary to prevent wholesale shooting without trial. A court with three judges and two officers was set up to judge the prisoners; since these numbered more than a thousand, the prisons overflowed and complaints were heard everywhere. The court sentenced those who took part in the revolt for high treason.

It must be obvious to my readers that, after this terrible fraternal strife, peace and reconciliation should prevail at once. Instead we have a tremendous and growing bitterness of the masses because under the military dictatorship now existing, with its evil suggestion of the war-time Kaiserism, it is the proletariat that is paying the price through numerous unreasonable arrests and house-raids. It is the poor who pay the penalties and mourn the dead, and it is at their expense that our military dictators uphold outward law and order. The poor, of course, consider the troops as the protectors of the propertied classes. On both sides the most terrible mistakes have been made and it is the highest time, if there is to be peace and progress for Bavaria, that there should be most far-reaching concessions on both sides, and these cannot be brought about by force and oppression.

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How to Value the Railroads

By GLENN E. PLUMB

MANY formulas are proposed for valuing the railroads; there is the measure of investment, of the cost of reproduction, of the market value of securities; there is the sacrifice formula, the agency formula, and there are still others. So many have been advanced and the reasons for them have been so plausible, it is no wonder that the public mind is confused. Most of them are pretexts for evading a clear definition of the relation of the railroads to the State, and in all of them the evasion is to the detriment of the public. Because for many years the railroad problem has been beclouded by theories, the one really significant question has been obscured. The general impression is that the railroads are private property in which the public has an interest, but the truth is that they are public property in which the public has granted a private interest. The railroads are public highways, and so the Supreme Court has decreed them, with the comment that "in their very nature they are public highways; it needed no decision of courts to make them such." The rights in them of private property are limited by their charters, and by the laws governing corporations. Hence, to determine the value of a railroad either for purchase or for fixing rates that will pay a fair return, there is no method so sound as the simple one of determining what is the value of the private interests the State has conferred. The constitutions of the States where the charters were issued and the charters themselves define these claims.

The common supposition is incorrect that the importance of the problem of railroad valuation was not seen until about twenty years ago, when the Interstate Commerce Commission first reported the need for it to Congress. This misconception arises from the public's ignorance of the history of railroads. It began about the year 1830, when it was a well affirmed principle of the common law that corporations could not issue stocks and bonds except for a consideration received by the corporation equivalent in value to the par of the securities issued. Railroad builders, faced with the difficulties of promotion under this principle, began to include in their charters, at that time granted by direct legislative enactment, provisions authorizing them to issue stocks and bonds for a consideration less than par. In many cases these charters specified that securities might be issued for any price the directors deemed fit and still have validity as though issued at par. And so the common law safeguard was undermined, and even by the close of the Civil War, strong public protests were being raised against scandalous stock-watering, and against the claim of the railroads to earn a fair return on fictitious values. Many of the States met this situation in conventions called to frame new constitutions. Illinois, in 1870, was the first to embody this provision in its fundamental law:

> No railroad corporation shall issue its stock or bonds except for money, labor, or property actually received and applied to the purposes for which such corporation was created. Any stock, dividend, or other fictitious increase of capital stock or indebtedness shall be void.

And every new State constitution, excepting New York's, adopted since that time has included the same provision in one form or another. So the common law conception of securities was revived and strengthened and, as it was written into the constitution, legislatures were shorn of the power to set it aside.

Not until 1898 were the courts required to participate in the valuation of property held for public service. In that year the Supreme Court, in the case of Smyth vs. Ames, decreed the right of the roads to a "fair return" on actual existing investments, and though it clearly was the intention, in the decision, to save the public from paying on investments that could not be reasonably considered in the public interest, the action threw the entire question of valuation into the courts. This has led to the innumerable theories of valuation and the confusion in awards and opinions. A cardinal truth has been lost sight of in this discord. It is that property rights are not based on court decisions, but owe their existence to fundamental law. In the case of the corporations, such rights must be determined by the application of the laws under which the rights were obtained. Even the public's attorneys, in arguing the public's interests, have ignored the fact that in the nature of the relation of the public to the railroads, as defined by charters and constitutions and by common law, were to be found the elementary truths which alone could bring harmony out of the judicial disagreement. The courts have not been able to reaffirm these primary truths, because they were not advanced in the hearings, and did not become part of the record. It remained for the Railway Brotherhoods to urge the legal interpretation of valuation. The railroads were charged with prejudicing the public against these labor organizations by threatening an increase in rates if wages were increased. They made it appear that better working conditions were being sought regardless of the public good. The Brotherhoods, to defend their position, asked the courts to see if the railroads were not taxing the public to pay a fair return, not on investments prudently made in the public interest, but on investments imprudently made—investments that gave the public no service and values that did not inhere in railroad property.

A railroad, by its charter, holds its property for the public service; it is endowed with the power of taxing the public, and with the privileges of eminent domain. These are public powers exercised under public control by private individuals, and the law plans to insure a fair return on the private property held for the public use. This property has no value except for the uses to which under these public grants it has been put. Railroad property cannot be valued by a comparison with other property; it cannot be valued by an estimate of its worth for other purposes. Its value is prescribed; it is its value as a railroad. And under its charter, a railroad may own property only for railroad purposes and dispose of it only when it has ceased to be serviceable for railroad purposes.

This legal limitation, arising out of a profound conception of property and proprietary rights, is sound economically. The economist perceives two values in private property, value in use and value in exchange. A man who owns a house and dwells in it enjoys its value in use; and if he sells it, he enjoys its value in exchange. These two values are not inherently equal; it is the man's right, in holding dominion over his property, to enjoy either value, but he cannot enjoy them simultaneously. However, if the value in use becomes too costly, he may sell his house; or if the value in exchange would not be high enough to appear profitable, he may dwell in his house. His protection, that is, his private and unlimited right, is vested in his freedom either to keep or to

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sell. The State makes no pretense of controlling or reducing this right, so long as public needs are not concerned. The value of the private property is intrinsically bound up with its transferableness; when it can have only one value, the value in use, it ceases to be freely held private property.

The railroads enjoy a limited right over their property. They enjoy value in use, but no value in exchange. The transferableness of their holdings is clearly defined. They have a value only when put to the public service as railroad property. And in consideration of this limitation, the State guarantees a fair return *on value in use*. When the railroads claim any value for their property other than its value in the public service—that is, a sum of money prudently spent in constructing and operating a public highway—they are claiming the right to the benefits of private property without yielding the privileges and security that come to them because of its public nature. It would be as reasonable if the householder demanded a State subsidy while dwelling in his home, or a sum from the State if in selling it he did not realize a profit. When a man realizes on the value in exchange of his property he loses the title and use of it. The railroads ask to realize this value and also to keep both title and use; to have, in other words, much more than the rights of private property.

With these principles in mind, an examination of the "property investment account" of the railroads discloses a grave situation. It is on the "property investment account" that the public is asked to guarantee its "fair return." One finds the rights of way valued at their exchange value; one finds capitalized the value of public grants of right of way, so that the public is asked to pay a return upon its own contribution; one finds securities which represent other public contributions, and not private property placed at the service of the public. For instance, the property investment account of the Pennsylvania Railroad was increased from 1907 to 1918 by $350,000,000, and its president, Mr. Samuel Rea, testifying before the Interstate Commerce Commission last year, admitted that the investors had contributed only $150,600,000 of this sum. This left $200,000,000 added from surplus, or from money accumulated from excessive rates. The public, having been over-taxed, was asked to pay a profit on the excess it had contributed. It is not enough to say that this money was spent in improvements and equipment; it is, to be sure, sound business not to pay out all the surplus in dividends, but to expend something in conserving the investment. Maintenance and depreciation charges are also recognized as essential to wise business management. But they are not capital charges, and calling them so is in effect asking the public to pay a return not on a prudently administered business, but on the business, with one reasonable profit, and on the prudence with an additional dividend.

Estimates vary as to the actual value of the private property which the public has undertaken to protect in the railroad industry. It cannot be fixed until the books of the railroads have been analyzed and the expenditures gauged. But it is probable that the sum of $19,000,000,000, in the capital investment account of the railroads, is a third too high, and that American industry and commerce are asked to pay a return on at least six billion dollars of fictitious value. There is fascination in the fact that the market value of railway securities also is nearly six billion dollars less than par. It would seem that a theoretical analysis of values, guided by constitutional principles and economic precepts, is corroborated by the mass judgment of society. Market values are what the individuals constituting the market deem to be, in given circumstances, the worth of property, and Wall Street quotations, while not invariable criteria, do represent the sum of a great number of individual and practical conclusions. Economics and law, in the final analysis, are only definitions of group valuations, abstract formulations of the truth revealed by individual bargainings.

Whatever the public decides to do with the railroads, the problem of valuation is paramount. If the Government is to purchase them, it must beware lest it be trapped into paying for more than the private rights it has carefully created. If the roads are to be returned to private control, precautions must be taken against permitting a continuance of the colossal extortion of recent years. But judging between these courses, let no one commit the folly of basing his opinion on our recent experience under Government control. We have not had public ownership during the war, but public leasing, and the cost of the lease was decided without considering the true relationship between the railroads and the public. The Government paid in rental an equivalent of the average net earnings of 1915, 1916, and 1917. And in those years net earnings were not estimated to exclude unreal values. We paid, in other words, a rental probably one-third too high. We did not rent the private property whose rights we had granted; we paid for the use of whatever private property the railroads could induce us to pay for. Return to private ownership is a deceptive phrase; we should be merely giving back the control of the private property to its limited owners. Are we to continue paying these owners a profit on property not put to our service and permit them the benefits or rights they do not possess?

Proposed Control of the Packers

By FELIX MORLEY

Washington, July 12

FEDERAL regulation of the packers is provided in identical bills introduced in both Houses of Congress by Senator Kenyon of Iowa and Representative Anderson of Minnesota. While these bills are a marked improvement over other packer-regulation measures which have been brought before Congress, there is even greater importance in the fact that a determined effort is to be made to convert the new legislation into law during the present session. Sentiment toward the bills is very favorable in both agricultural committees to which they have been referred, and it is expected that in both cases they will be recommended to the floor this summer. There is a certain advantage in having the measures introduced separately instead of as a joint resolution: either House can act at will, or there can be contemporaneous action, without waiting for each other. Following a conference with Senator Gronna, chairman of the Senate agricultural committee, Senator Kenyon has announced that hearings on his bill may be expected to start shortly after the middle of August. The Anderson bill will also come up for consideration in the House Agricultural Committee then.

The twin bills provide in brief: (A) For the licensing of all packers, stockyard operators, livestock distributors, and all persons doing business in dairy and poultry products in excess of $500,000 a year, by a special Commissioner of Foodstuffs, who is to be appointed by the President, have

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SOME MORE PARALLEL COLUMNS—WC

The Promise

Nothing entangles, nothing enmeshes a man except a selfish combination with somebody else. Nothing entangles a nation, hampers it, binds it, except to enter into a combination with some other nation against other nations of the world. And this great disentanglement of all alliances is now to be accomplished by this covenant, because one of the covenants is that no nation shall enter into any relationship with another nation inconsistent with the covenants of the League of Nations. *Nations promise not to have alliances. Nations promise not to make combinations against each other.* Nations agree that there shall be but one combination, and that is the combination of all against the wrongdoer. March 4, 1919.

The Violated Promise

I shall presently have occasion to lay before you a special treaty with France, whose object is the temporary protection of France from unprovoked aggression by the power with whom this treaty of peace has been negotiated. Its terms link it with this treaty. I take the liberty, however, of reserving it for special explication on another occasion. July 10, 1919.

Before the War

It is plain enough how we were forced into the war. The extraordinary insults and aggressions of the Imperial German Government left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defence of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign Government. The military masters of Germany denied us the right to be neutral. They filled our unsuspecting communities with vicious spies and conspirators and sought to corrupt the opinion of our people in their own behalf. . . . They sought by violence to destroy our industries. . . . They tried to incite Mexico to take up arms against us and to draw Japan into hostile alliance with her. . . . They impudently denied us the use of the high seas and repeatedly executed their threat that they would send to their death any of our people who ventured to approach the coast of Europe. June 14, 1917.

After the War

The United States entered the war upon a different footing from every other nation except our associates on this side the sea. We entered it, *not because our material interests were directly threatened, or because any special treaty obligations to which we were parties had been violated, but only because we saw the supremacy and even the validity of right everywhere put in jeopardy* and free government likely to be everywhere imperilled by the intolerable aggression of a power which respected neither right nor obligation and whose very system of government flouted the rights of the citizen as against the autocratic authority of his governors. July 10, 1919.

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ROW WILSON *versus* WOODROW WILSON

The Promise

Men have at last perceived that the only permanent thing in the world is *the right*, and that a wrong settlement is bound to be a temporary settlement—bound to be a temporary settlement for the very best reason of all, that it ought to be a temporary settlement, and the spirits of men will rebel against it, and the spirits of men are now in the saddle. March 5, 1919.

The Performance

The Treaty, as a result, is not exactly what we would have written. It is probably not what any one of the national delegations would have written. . . . I think it will be found that the compromises, which were accepted as inevitable, nowhere cut *to the heart* of any principle. July 10, 1919.

"The terms of the treaty are in some respects terrible. . . ." Lloyd George to the House of Commons, July 3, 1919.

As Mr. Wilson Beholds It

They [the Paris statesmen] saw it as the hope of the world and that hope they did not dare to disappoint. Shall we or any free people hesitate to accept this great duty? Dare we reject it [the League of Nations] and *break the heart of the world?*

As Lloyd George Sees It

(From the Associated Press Account of Lloyd George's Speech of July 3)

When the Premier first mentioned the League of Nations many members cheered, but seemingly nearly an equal number burst into laughter. "I beg of you to try it. I beg of you to take it seriously," the Premier protested. Proceeding, he declared, "If it saved only one generation from the horrors of war it would be a great achievement." One member shouted, "Nobody wants it."

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five-year tenure of office, and be charged with the enforcement of the proposed act under the general direction of the Secretary of Agriculture. Evasion of license would be punishable by $5,000 fine, two years' imprisonment, or both. By the stipulation that only those whose business exceeds $500,000 a year in the dairy and poultry products line shall be required to secure licenses, the competition of the farmer and of the coöperative society is encouraged.

(B) For the rigid limitation of the packers to that single business by requiring all licensees to refrain from participation in the "purchase, manufacture, storage, or sale of foodstuffs or commodities other than those handled in the business for which the license was issued." Several clauses are specifically levelled at eliminating combinations between the packers, such as have admittedly been carried on in the last few years. At the hearings last winter on the meat-packing industry, Mr. Armour advanced the theory that "the packing business should be monopolized into one corporation, which would make a monopoly." Mr. Swift, when asked about his plan to effect a merger of packing plants, said it was "to put them together in a large company like the United States Steel Corporation."

(C) For examination by Government agents, at any time, of the records of all business transactions by the licensed packers, with heavy penalties for any false statements, concealment, evasion, or alteration of records by the licensees. Those suspected of such evasion may be summoned before the Secretary of Agriculture at the formal request of the Commissioner of Foodstuffs and their licenses revoked if the evidence warrants. After such revocation, the burden of proof of innocence before circuit courts of appeal rests upon the accused licensee.

(D) For the appointment by the courts of a receiver to carry on the business when a license is revoked, the licensee to be enjoined from any hand in his former business and the receiver to conduct it in "the interests of the public." This receiver shall have all powers relative to the business and shall continue in charge until application for his removal made by himself, the Commissioner of Foodstuffs, or the licensee shall have had due hearing before the courts.

(E) For the ready issuance of licenses for the conduct of stockyard, slaughtering, food-preserving, or food-storing businesses to "any public, quasi-public, or other corporation or coöperative association, and any agency controlled or operated by any State." The bill makes it the duty of the Secretary of Agriculture to assist these community rivals of the great packers by furnishing them scientific data, preparing standardized building plans, transportation facilities, etc. Another section strikes at the refrigerator-car monopoly by requiring the railroads to provide all licensees with special equipment cars as needed, and prohibits the packers from using any such cars not provided by the roads after six months from the passage of the act. The packers are also prevented from maintaining control of the stockyards by a clause providing that two years after passage, "no licensee shall own, control, or have any interest in" any stockyard, without special time extension from the Secretary of Agriculture. The Kenyon-Anderson bill carries an appropriation of $300,000, or about one one-hundredth of the expenditure necessary to build and equip a modern battleship.

Anticipating the crucial fight which is certain to be made against this legislation in both houses, Commissioner William B. Colver of the Federal Trade Commission says: "The bill seems to me to offer a sane and reasonable remedy to meet the packer problem, one in which all legal rights are conserved and which avoids many objections made to other proposed bills. The theory of 'moral bankruptcy' and the appointment by a Federal court, after hearing, of a receiver therefor, is ingenious and has the merit of following established law and court procedure. The proposal to limit the great meat packers to the packing business—the greatest single industry in the country—will be welcomed alike by the consuming public, who see a food trust in the making, and by those established and legitimate merchants and manufacturers, who see their inevitable destruction, if a monopoly shall be effected. I think this bill merits careful and deliberate study by the people of the country and their representatives. It strikes straight at one of the nation's most serious problems." It should be added that the first part of the Federal Trade Commission's report to the President on the meat industry, made public July 11, gives warning of the approaching control of the country's food supply by the Big Five Chicago packers. The words of the report are these:

"An approaching packer domination of all important foods in this country and an international control of meat products with foreign companies seems a certainty unless fundamental action is taken to prevent it."

The Kenyon-Anderson bill has also been already endorsed by the Farmers' National Council, and by William Kent of the United States Tariff Commission, who regards it as the best measure for packer-control yet brought before Congress. In a statement on the twin bills, the Farmers' National Council says: "The 'Big Five' have now a capitalization of about $500,000,000, and their sales last year amounted to nearly four billion dollars. The Kenyon-Anderson bill creates the necessary machinery to enable the Government to control the packing-plant octopus and all its related industries. The farmers will not rest until such a bill becomes law."

In reply to the Federal Trade Commission, Mr. Louis F. Swift, President of Swift & Co., has made a press announcement from which *The Nation* takes the following excerpts:

This latest report of the Federal Trade Commission is merely an attack upon large and successful business organizations and should be resented by all Americans who are proud of the industrial progress of the nation. It contains nothing new, and is an outgrowth of the former discredited Heney *ex parte* investigation.

This report, so far as I am informed, contains absolutely no evidence of collusion among the five largest packers, and I say for Swift & Co., as I have said many times, that we have no agreement of any kind with any other packer to affect the prices of live stock or meats.

The manner in which the Trade Commission juggles figures and resorts to sensationalism betrays the insincerity of the Commission. We are living up to both the spirit and the letter of the law, and want to coöperate with the Government in every helpful and constructive way. But we must protest against the methods used by this important branch of the Government. I say that the large packers and their individual businesses are a public benefit and a needed factor in keeping down the spread between live stock and meat prices.

I do not believe that the findings of such a prejudiced and unfair report should be used to influence public opinion, or as a basis for the radical legislation that has been introduced at Washington.

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The General Says Good-Bye

By JAMES RORTY

MY first meeting with the General occurred on April 14, 1919, when the General reviewed our contingent recently arrived at Nantes with a view to taking ship for America. The morning dawned coldly—in fact it was raining. So, with the ready intelligence characteristic of the American soldier, we all put on our raincoats—in fact we were ordered to—and marched from La Douet, where we were quartered, down to the first of the several bridges which one has to pass in order to get to Nantes. We lined up along the river road, the Sergeant said "Ump—Whump!" we side-stepped and back-stepped and right-dressed a few times, and then we all did "Fours, right!" and marched back home again. "Ha! ha! Fooled us that time!" we chuckled in high glee as we marched back in the rain. The General wasn't there at all, you see! One of us—either I or the General—must have broken a date, I reflected cannily, with the sturdy common sense which is typical of the American soldier.

However, when we got back to camp, we were assured that the General hadn't really meant to sting us—he'd be there in the afternoon sure. So we ate a hasty lunch, prepared by the whistling, ever-helpful K.P.'s, and at twelve o'clock we fell in again, four hundred of us, and marched back to our rendezvous at the bridge, as inconspicuously as possible, because, with the native delicacy of the American soldier, we didn't want to embarrass the General, who perhaps mightn't want these cynical French people to know how he was flirting with us.

By this time the weather had cleared. Some real spring sunshine at last. The suburbs of Nantes are full of gardens and fruit orchards. It was a very pleasant road we were travelling, and our spirits rose. At the river road we lined up again, the Sergeant said "Whump—Umph!" and we all turned round and faced the river. A good idea, I thought—I wanted to look at the river, which was in flood and had flowed far up into some astonishingly green meadows on the other side. Straining my neck, but keeping eyes front all the time like a good American soldier, I glanced cautiously around and saw with satisfaction that we had arrived at our rendezvous practically unobserved. About a hundred French families were coming home from church along the river road. An American soldier was cultivating an acquaintance with a French young lady on the strip of grass between the river and the embankment. An aged Frenchman was fishing in the Loire for a purely psychological fish. Aside from that we were alone. And the French churchgoers were minding their own business, which is surely a respectable one. And the aged Frenchman was wholly intent upon that hypothetical fish. And the American soldier was kissing the French maiden with the patient industry which is characteristic of the American soldier.

And then he came—in seven big limousines, which sneaked across the bridge and hummed down the road behind us. We didn't turn round, of course. We kept eyes front and looked at the river and the green meadows on the other side. We were the only people who were really interested and we were the only people who didn't turn and look. That is the stern virtue of military discipline—it triumphs over natural curiosities. To look at us, the General in his limousine and us lined up there staring at the river, you'd never have known that we were keeping a date with the General, but that is what we were doing. The aged Frenchman pulled up his line, inspected it minutely and morosely, and murdered another worm on his bare hook. The American soldier cocked an eye at the limousines, decided that he was out of the picture, and, resuming his entente with the French young lady, kissed her for the one hundred and forty-second time.

We stared and stared, and at last I became aware that something was happening up the line on my left. It was Himself, as they say in the Irish fairy tales. He walked rapidly down the line until he came to our section. I didn't *know* it was him of course. How could I tell? My eyes were pasted on the river. But, being a sturdy American soldier, my fond heart told me. It was Himself, and He had kept His date!

He was within a few feet of me, talking to our Sergeant. Asked the Sergeant where he got his wound stripe. Was he fully recovered? And then he passed on. I blinked (no matter how patriotic one may feel, a man has to blink now and then) and once more stared fiercely at the river.

Then the Sergeant said "Umph—Whumph!" We wheeled obediently into line and marched down to a court-yard, where the General was going to make a speech to us from the tail of a truck.

First a Lieutenant-Colonel got aboard the truck and waved his hand, and we all crowded up close. He didn't say anything—just quelled the multitude with his bright blue eyes. He had a long head like a horse—so many Colonels and Majors and things have—and a coat covered with medals, and he probably was a corking fellow—so many Colonels and Majors and things are. Then when everybody was quiet, the General got up on the truck and spoke to us. I saw him for the first time. A nice old gentleman! Like his pictures, only older, getting a bit heavy around the waist, and tired-looking. Remembering what he had been through, I felt suddenly very friendly and sympathetic toward him. He had had an extraordinarily difficult job, and, considering all the circumstances, had done it very well, so far as we knew. And he had had to take the responsibility of sending men to die by thousands. A man in such a position must feel himself standing at the very peak of human tragedy.

However, the military type of mind is unimaginative. Probably that helps, I reflected. And as the General continued to speak, I began to realize the truth of that platitude about the unimaginativeness of the military mind. He said he was glad of the opportunity to speak to soldiers on the eve of their embarkation for America. He wanted to thank us for what we had done. He wanted to thank us as individuals, for the whole army machine rests on the devotion of the individual. Yes, I reflected, rather sourly, I am afraid; the war is over, and the individual once more becomes a factor in the political algebra of our country. The individual will even go home and vote on such questions as the size and organization of the military establishment and the choice of a President. Although, to be honest, I don't think the General meant that at all. I suspect that he really had some sort of an idea on his mind, although it was hard to make out what it was. He is not a good speaker.

When we arrived home, we should find that attempts were being made to belittle the efforts of American arms. We must see to that. The people at home would expect us to know the truth, and we must tell them.

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The General stepped down off the truck, and we all cheered in polite and friendly fashion on the whole. Although an imaginative ear—which military ears are not—could perhaps have detected certain undertones, certain nuances. . . . You see, the General was talking to four hundred men, individuals, who had never been in the army before this war, and who, judging from their conversation at least, would never be in the army again. Certainly they would never choose the army as a profession. And these four hundred individuals, like everybody else in the army, were carrying a pretty heavy burden of exasperation. Stupidity, self-seeking, red tape—no institution is free from these things, of course. But I suspect that in the army they raise more hell than elsewhere. We, for instance, found ourselves stuck for heaven knows how long in a port after having received definite promise of early departure. If the General could have shown an awareness of this condition, and perhaps a little understanding and even a little gratitude for the decency and fortitude with which this condition was borne for the most part, that would have helped, that would have altered the quality of those cheers. If we could have been a little more sure that he was with us, we should have been with him.

We lined up on either side of the road, in groups, not in formation, and as the General's limousine buzzed past, we all saluted very snappily. Next came a limousine containing a Lieutenant-Colonel. We saluted again more or less punctiliously. Then came a very big limousine with a very small Second Lieutenant buried in the cushions of the rear seat. Some of us saluted out of habit, but even the best of habits weaken in time. And from somewhere a voice cried "——— you"—a phrase rather frequently on the lips of the moral American soldier.

After which we lined up again and marched back home at route step.

But to return to the General's message. Unquestionably the chief burden of that message was that we were to go back home and counteract "the attempts which are being made to belittle the achievements of American arms." I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that that message both disappointed and disconcerted us. All that is past. "Go home and counteract the attempt to belittle the achievements of American arms"! Speaking for myself, I shan't do anything of the sort. I hope to be altogether too busy with other, more important things. And I think that the rest of my crowd feel the same way about it.

I thought of my comrades; like the General, I tried to think of them as individuals. For one of the pleasant reassurances I shall bring out of this war is the realization that my countrymen are in their way as vivid, as rich in individual personality as the French. And that is a compliment, if ever there was one. Is it possible that anyone can fail to be glad of that? Let us remember that we complained of Germany that she had no soul. And a national soul is a complicated organism, the sum total of all the individual souls that compose it. Let us be proud of our inheritance—and conserve it.

No, I thought to myself, with satisfaction, these chaps are soldiers perhaps, but they aren't Old Soldiers—not yet, by a score or two of years. They aren't through. They've just begun. Yes, it will take a good deal more bludgeoning before Old Man Chance can make Old Soldiers out of these fellows. For which we devoutly thank whatever (undenominational) gods may be.

Foreign Correspondence

An Agrarian Revolution

London, June 21

THE stately homes of England—going! going! gone! Bids have not yet been invited for Chatsworth or Knowsley or Longleat, but the tap of the hammer has already changed the ownership of scores of country mansions and estates which nothing short of an earthquake, one used to think, would have been able to sever from the families that had held them for generations or even centuries. "To Let" notices on Windsor Castle would scarcely give one a greater shock than some of the landed property sale advertisements that have been appearing lately. "Peer and squire, knight and lady," says one of the leading organs of the country gentry, "are forsaking the halls, gardens, and grounds which in many cases were built or laid out centuries ago, and bear traces of the loving care bestowed upon them by a long succession of owners." It has not been a tendency or a movement, but a stampede. *The Times* is authority for the estimate that the aggregate realizations of landed estates during the present year will touch ten millions sterling. The receipts from sales for two months this year are more than double those for an entire year at the beginning of the decade. The list of a single firm of auctioneers published in *The Times* on one day last month totalled up to 342,000 acres. It is nothing unusual nowadays to find one firm occupying a whole page of that paper with announcements of its forthcoming land sales. The summer number of *Country Life*, dated June 7, has no less than 76 pages of advertisements of estates for sale by auction or by private treaty. Although some of these properties are not more than three or five or fifteen acres, the total extends to many hundreds of thousands of acres, situated in almost every county in England, as well as in Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. To be an auctioneer specializing in sales of landed estates must be scarcely less remunerative than shipowning.

The change is sensational and must have far-reaching effects on the agricultural and social development of the nation. Its causes are not wholly a by-product of the war. Before the European outbreak, landlords were already complaining of the heavier burdens falling upon them—death duties, income tax, rates (local taxes), and the like. But the need of finding money somewhere to pay for the war opens up a prospect of a sudden and enormous increase of all these imposts, at a time when the greater cost of repairs and other charges make a substantial difference to the landowner's balance-sheet. *Country Life*, which is likely to be well informed on these matters, attributes much of the prevailing uneasiness to alarm at the threats of nationalizing everything. Many landlords, it says, "are as frightened as mice." The old idea was that land was one of the safest of investments because it could not run away. But the very fact that it cannot run away is now seen to expose it more easily than many other kinds of property to the risk of being nationalized.

If the outlook is as menacing as the old proprietors imagine it, one might naturally expect that they would not easily find purchasers for the estates they are now throwing upon the market. But there is no dearth of bidders at quite satisfactory prices. Many sales of agricultural land have

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been made to tenants, who are glad of the opportunity of security of tenure, and who, in many instances, have accumulated, during the war, profits that now enable them to gratify this ambition. This kind of transaction has been encouraged by some landlords, *e. g.*, the Earl of Harrington, who is allowing his existing tenants to leave, where necessary, up to two-thirds of the purchase money on mortgage. In other cases speculators have taken advantage of this desire of the tenants for ownership. They have bought estates in large blocks and then offered the separate farms to tenants at a profit under threat of dispossession; or, sometimes, they have bought the separate farms over the heads of the tenants at high prices and then given them the option of quitting or buying at a still higher figure. Sir Richard Winfrey mentioned in the House of Commons the case of a Norfolk estate of 3,165 acres, valued at £98,000, which was bought for £150,000 by a speculator who disposed of it in detail within a week for £200,000. It has been made public, through a question in the House, that a syndicate, of which the notorious E. T. Hooley is a prominent member, has been at work in this fashion in Derbyshire. The protests from farmers against this kind of treatment has been so loud that the Board of Agriculture is considering whether special legislation may not be desirable to deal with it.

But there are many business men who are speculating largely in landed property without any intention of putting farmers under the screw. They are buying land for the same reason that the landlords are selling it—because they wish to insure themselves against risks which they discern in the near future. They, too, are reading the signs of the times, but their interpretation is different from the landlords'. A high income-tax, or a levy on capital, or whatever may be the means taken by the Government to extract money from those who possess it, will fall upon business men no less than upon landowners; so the risk of "confiscation" is no greater if one invests one's gains in land than in anything else. Moreover, just as, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the new owners understood the economic possibilities of the land better than its monastic possessors, so the business men of today are more alive than the country gentry to the changes in the use of land that are likely to come before long. They foresee, for instance, a greatly increased application of science to agriculture; a considerable development of afforestation; the construction of light railways, the establishment of motor services and other means of facilitating the transport of produce to markets; the removal of many industrial undertakings from congested cities to the open country; and large housing schemes which will effect a redistribution of the population. They have accordingly come to the conclusion that the purchase of land, far from involving a financial loss, may soon turn out to be an excellent investment.

No doubt some of the new owners will prove to be as reactionary, in political and social matters at least, as the men whose places they are taking. They will have no higher ideal than to imitate, as far as they can, the ways of the territorial aristocracy, in the hope that they may themselves become "county people" and acquire the local prestige that was enjoyed by the old families. In that ambition they are likely to be mistaken, for the English villager is not at all inclined to be as deferential to the *nouveau riche* at the manor house as he has been to the hereditary lords of the countryside. There are others among the newcomers, however, who will apply to the problems of the rural districts something of the initiative, energy, and open-mindedness that have won for them success in the business world. They will have plenty of capital to use in the development of their estates, and they will not scrimp in administering them. The arrival of such men on the scene, accompanied as it will be by the settlement of a large number of enterprising young men on small holdings, will revitalize many rural districts and emancipate them from conservative and feudal domination.

It will be interesting to see what happens, under the new régime, to the farmers who remain in possession either as tenants or owners. Taking them as a whole, the members of this class, valuable as their services to the nation have been in the past, are absolutely untouched by new ideas. Nine out of ten of them have not the ghost of a notion that there is going to be any serious change in methods of agriculture, in means of transit, or in the conditions of village life. They are entirely sceptical of the capacity of any townsman to extract a profit from the land, and are anticipating the complete disappointment of those business men who have been foolish enough to waste good money in buying country estates. Their own policy is simply to insist on obtaining from the State a perpetual guarantee of a high price for wheat and to oppose the demands of the agricultural laborer for a higher wage and opportunities of a more civilized life. They will resent and resist any attempt to introduce new intellectual or social standards into districts where any progressive movement has hitherto been anathema. During the next few years they are not likely to have a very happy time.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Senate and the Treaty

Paris, June 20

OFFICIAL circles in Paris are following with deep interest the discussion in the Senate of the United States of the German treaty and the League of Nations. Unfortunately for a proper understanding of the controversy by the public at large, however, the debate is hardly reported here at all, even the best of the French papers contenting themselves with brief paragraphs, or the text of a resolution such as that of Senator Knox. The blame, apparently, is to be shared by American newspapers and press agencies as well as by the French censor; for while the pernicious activity of the censor is as great as ever, and all matter which it is thought may have an injurious effect upon public opinion is rigorously suppressed, the volume of American news which is cabled to Europe bears no comparison with the volume of that which is sent from Europe to the United States. It must be remembered, too, that while English newspapers are to be had everywhere in Paris the day after their publication, and at only a small advance upon the price in England, American newspapers are not sold on the news-stalls at all, and are only to be obtained at one or two bookshops at a high price and from two to four weeks after publication. When, accordingly, your French friend expresses surprise that the Republicans should be opposing the German treaty and the League of Nations, you must bear in mind that the censor has for years been keeping out of the French newspapers most of the disturbing information about American political affairs, and that American newspapers are for the average Frenchman practically nonexistent.

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I have just been talking with a member of the British delegation, a man of statesmanlike quality, of wide experience, too liberal and fairminded not to confess that the treaty is full of grave blunders and deliberate harshnesses, and more than doubtful whether, even if ratified by Germany as well as by all the Allies, the crash of world-wide disorder can be averted. Yet I found him extremely solicitous that both the treaty and the League of Nations should receive American approval. Unless the United States accepts the treaty and the League—so ran his argument—it will mean the virtual abandonment of Europe by America at the moment when the European need is greatest. As for the League of Nations, it at least provides a body, and the only body, to which disputes between nations can be referred. We must, in short, make the best of a bad bargain, for the practical reason that an agreement of any sort is better than no agreement at all.

From the British statesman, clinging, as it seemed to me, to a generous but forlorn hope, I went to M. Venezelos, the Greek Premier and head of the Greek delegation. M. Venezelos has a right to be optimistic, for the reason that Greece, more than any other of the small Powers, seems at this moment likely to receive from the Peace Conference the larger part of what it has asked for. M. Venezelos, too, dwelt upon the importance of the League of Nations, and in doing so emphasized a point which ought not to be overlooked by the opponents of the League in America. Europe, he declared with positiveness, while sincerely anxious to have the United States take part henceforth in European affairs, is not itself in the least desirous of intervening in the affairs of any of the Americas. He accordingly assured me, repeating the assurance several times, that its significance might not be lost, that any amendments which the Senate might make in the League of Nations covenant looking to the safeguarding of the Monroe Doctrine, for example, or eliminating any obligation on the part of the United States to go to war without its consent on behalf of any nation anywhere, would be promptly accepted by at least a dominating majority of the Powers in the League. There need be no fear of wrecking the plan by giving only such conditional ratification.

With the utmost respect for the political wisdom and far-sightedness of the two statesmen whom I have quoted, I am nevertheless not convinced by their arguments. I cannot think that the peace and happiness of mankind are to be served by putting into effect, with all the weight of armies and navies and blockades and financial resource to back them up, a treaty and a covenant both of which are fundamentally bad, and both of which violate flagrantly the foundation principles upon which the peoples of the world were led to believe that peace would be made. The attainment of a democratic peace through the forcible imposition of an imperialistic treaty is too long a process for a harassed and impatient world; and a League of Nations which is to be dominated by the same Powers that have deliberately planned, and are still planning, to right human wrongs by the exercise of an invincible authority cannot hope to be an organization whose decisions will command either confidence or respect. Nevertheless, the arguments which I have summarized, evidencing, as they do, the immense hope with which Europe still watches America and its people, may well be taken to heart. If the treaty or the covenant is to be rejected, or ratified only with amendments, the action ought to follow broad lines. There should be no petty tinkering with small details, no urging of changes whose principal defence is partisan advantage. It is the welfare of mankind that is at stake, and the welfare of mankind is of much more importance than the success of the Republican party.

It is everyway to be hoped, accordingly, that when Mr. Wilson returns to the United States and takes up the gauntlet which the Senate has thrown down, the Senate, the public, and the press will insist that he stick to the issue. I find a good many people in Paris, French as well as Americans, who fear or hope, as the case may be, that Mr. Wilson will camouflage the whole discussion with his familiar rhetorical generalities, and by forcing his opponents to debate general principles rather than concrete facts, will succeed in diverting attention from the evasions, compromises, and surrenders which in the Peace Conference have made shipwreck of his political philosophy and stamped him as an autocrat. It is for the Senate and the people, and particularly for the American press, to see to it that this is not done. What the real issue is no one of any intelligence on this side of the Atlantic entertains any doubt, and there should be no doubt about it in America when the great debate which is being opened shall have closed. Put concisely, the issue is this: Will Mr. Wilson be able to square the German treaty and the League of Nations covenant with the Fourteen Points and his other declarations of principle, and force upon the world the policy for which the Paris document stands; or will the Senate, accepting the principles which Mr. Wilson has flouted at the Peace Conference, reject the treaty and the covenant in order that the world may be free?

There are some crucial questions which Mr. Wilson should be called upon to answer in that connection, not in general phrases, but with precision. Upon what sources of information, for example, have he and his associates relied in their dealings with Poland? Why have Lenin's terms been withheld from the public, and why has Kolchak been recognized? Why has the way been carefully prepared for the establishment of Italy as a Balkan Power, and why were the Jugoslavs recognized and then rebuffed? Did Mr. Wilson, or did he not, approve of the policy under which the people of Vienna and German Austria, with the coöperation of Mr. Hoover and the machinery of the international food administration, were deliberately left to starve, while neighboring populations were fed? Why are Turkish representatives, spokesmen for a state which is an enemy to the Allies, at this moment in Paris explaining how they would like to have Turkey treated by the Conference, while neither German, nor Austrian, nor Bulgarian representatives have been conferred with on any question? And why is Japan to be allowed to continue its hold upon Shantung? These are some of the issues the history of which most observers at Paris know or suspect to be rotten to the core, so far as international morality is concerned, and regarding which the Senate and the American public are entitled to know the exact facts. I believe that I voice the general opinion of thoughtful observers in Paris when I say that unless Mr. Wilson, when his turn comes to take part in the debate over the treaty, is relentlessly held down to a discussion of these and other similar questions, and compelled to produce documents, names, and plain facts, while at the same time he is forced to explain the treaty and the covenant in the light of the principles which he enunciated before the Conference met, he will have an easy victory over the Senate, the public, and the press combined.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

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The Workingman

By LEONORA SPEYER

(From the German of Richard Dehmel)

WE have a bed, we have a child,
My wife!
And work have we, both you and I,
And sun and rain and a wind-swept sky;
Only a little thing lack we
To make us free as the birds are free:
Time, only time!

When through the Sabbath-fields we go,
My child,
And over the ripe sheaves far and nigh
The swift, blue swallow-folk flash by,
What matter we lack a fine array,
To make us gay as the birds are gay?
Time, only time!

Time only! We scent the coming storm,
We folk!
Only a slight eternity;
My wife, my child, now naught lack we
But that which through us thrives to gold,
To make us bold as the birds are bold.
Time, only time!

In the Driftway

THE little wrens in the garden were ready to fly. The Drifter watched, wishing he might follow their flight to the heart of nature. Whereupon number one aimed straight at an open bedroom window; number two dashed into the kitchen; number three landed in the cellar and had to be extricated from the kindling box by the Drifter. With all the outdoor world to choose from! And yet people say civilization is tottering!

* * * * *

THE Drifter was not born in New York. He was born in Arcadia, and this accounts for his name and his temperament. Though he is rarely permitted to revisit the place of his birth, he still bears some of its marks upon him, and one of these is that he is seldom in a hurry. When he enters a shop and the attendants overlook him, as their haughty way is, or masterful ladies spurn him from their path, he merely bides his time. The other night he drifted into, or on to, a "soda bar" in search of coolness. The bar was full, and the thirsty clients, in their metropolitan fashion, were quite unaware that there is such a practice as waiting one's turn; so the Drifter waited his a long time. Finally a dark-eyed dispenser of refreshment approached him, exclaiming, "At last! A patient man!" Now the dispenser was not born in New York either. He was born, if not in Arcadia, at least in the adjacent province, which is named Italy. And these two exiles looked into each other's eyes and recognized their kinship. For the patience of Italians has, for centuries, been all but proverbial. Perhaps it is high time that they were losing it, as the newspapers tell us that they are. Every day and all day long, one used to hear on the lips of peasant and artisan and merchant the exclamation, *"Pazienza!"* If the olive crop failed or wine was dear or taxes increased, they met it all with "Patience!" The Drifter still remembers his joy at finding in Pistoia a street named *Via Abbi Pazienza*—"Have-Patience Street." If he were to "give a thought to Broadway," which he seldom does, he would suggest that it change its name to "The Street of Lost Motion." As he threads his leisurely way through its hurrying crowds, he often reflects upon Chaucer's Man of Law. Never was seen so busy a man, says the poet.

And yet he seemèd busier than he was.

* * * * *

ONCE upon a time there was a very rich man who was not perfectly happy. None of the innumerable devices by which the rich of our day have succeeded in obtaining felicity had occurred to him. He apparently did not care for first editions nor old masters and he was not even intermittently pious; he had no ambition to make the world safe for pacifists or old age possible for college professors. And so he was bored. But he had learned that if he could once discover the market where happiness is sold, he could "corner" it. A wise man had given him this direction: he was to walk the world until he found a man who confessed to being perfectly happy. With him he was immediately to exchange shirts, and the thing would be done. So he set forth on his travels and went a long time without success. He questioned here and questioned there, but nowhere could he find man, woman, or child who claimed to be perfectly happy. At last one day, in the heart of the hills, he came upon a young shepherd playing upon his pipe. By this time he had lost hope, and he saw no indication that this ragged lad possessed the priceless treasure; but he asked the question from force of habit, and the boy answered yes! "But how," cried the rich man, "can you fancy yourself happy?" "Oh," said the boy, "the sun is warm and I have my pipe, and my mother, when I left home, gave me this piece of bread. Why should I not be happy?" "Quick," said the rich man, "give me your shirt." But the shepherd boy had no shirt. The Drifter is aware that he has not given the classic version of this ancient apologue, but he tells it almost as it was told to him, one day as he lay in the grass beside the Tiber, by a lad who was, quite unconsciously, the hero of his own story. For he was homeless and ragged and, up to an hour before, famished; but when the tale was told, he sat with his hands clasped about his knees, gazing at the water with such an expression of felicity in his eyes that the Drifter could not forbear asking: "What are you thinking, Ettore?" "I was thinking, Signore," said Ettore, "how beautiful the world is."

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

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Correspondence

The Original "Scrap of Paper"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps no single phrase has done the cause of Germany more harm than Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper." It is interesting to discover that he was not the first to use this cynical expression in connection with a treaty. In September, 1733, France and Sardinia signed the Treaty of Turin, in which France contracted to help Sardinia (Savoy) to conquer Milan from the Austrians. The treaty also bound France not to engage in any war against England, between whom and Sardinia a strong friendship existed. Two months later when the French and Sardinian armies were conducting joint operations in Lombardy, and it had become impossible for Carlo Emmanuele, the Sardinian king, to draw back from his agreement with France, Cardinal Fleury, the minister of Louis XV, entered into a second treaty, this time with Spain, the so-called Treaty of the Escurial. The clauses of this agreement were totally subversive of the treaty between France and Sardinia and provided for war against England. Fleury himself admitted his duplicity, and remarked, as quoted by Vernon, "History of Italy, 1494-1790" (London, 1909), p. 353, "that the Treaty of Turin was a *scrap of paper* which could easily be torn up."

Philadelphia, July 7 D. N.

The Trial of the Kaiser

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In all civilized countries we have courts for the trial and punishment of culprits. The law provides that there shall be an accuser (the plaintiff), one who is accused (the defendant), and a judge who, to try the case impartially, must surely not be connected with either of the parties in the case. In the trial of the German Kaiser we find that the accusers (plaintiffs) are the judges. We are a party to this trial; how can we reconcile it with the laws of our country?

Philadelphia, July 8 J. B. M.

The Situation in Canada

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a Canadian reader of *The Nation,* may I be permitted to congratulate you most heartily on the splendid fight you are making for the triumph of democratic and progressive principles? The whole crux of the situation is contained in the striking words of one of *The Nation's* recent articles: *"The world is henceforth divided into two camps, radicals and reactionaries; the real, true revolution which is to free humanity has but begun. It ought to come without violence, but come it shall."* For the term "radical" I should prefer progressive, but that is of small consequence; what is of importance is that progressives and reactionaries are definitely lined up.

In Canada conditions are very similar to those in the United States. The reactionaries are at present in the ascendant, but the signs of the counter-current are apparent on every hand. In an endeavor to stem the current, the spectre of Bolshevism has been evoked in Canada just as in the United States; but such tactics will fail of their objects. Wiser methods, methods that will take heed of the legitimate demands of the people, have become imperative. The "Time-spirit" is at work in Canada, as elsewhere throughout the world. Those who believe with Kant that every man should be regarded as an end to himself and not as a means to another man's end are active in their efforts, which will in time undoubtedly bear fruit. What would seem to be most desirable is, to use the words of a leading British Liberal publicist, "a clearer conception of the necessity of coöperation between all who profess and call themselves democrats, based on a fuller appreciation of the breadth and the depth of their own meaning." Such coöperation should be international in its scope. In fact the effort should be made to comprehend the truth of Goethe's dictum that "above all nations is humanity," and to recognize that nationalism is only an intermediate step to internationalism.

As far as the United States and Canada are concerned, a mere imaginary line separates the two countries; the cause of democracy and progress in both is one; and, as in union there is strength, so there should be the closest and most cordial coöperation between the democratic and progressive elements in the two countries.

Montreal, July 9 JOHN BOYD

Roman Aerial Propaganda

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have recently happened upon some instances of ancient propaganda which may be of interest as one more proof that the present is but the past in new attire. At least the aerial distribution of incendiary literature seems to have been thoroughly understood by the Romans, although they had no airplanes.

Antony used against Octavian the same device which they had used when fighting together against Brutus. Cassius Dio gives the account. Near the end of the bitter struggle between the two men, when they met before Alexandria, Antony shot arrows into Octavian's camp carrying handbills or leaflets which promised the men six thousand sesterces. Octavian, however, turned the affair to his own advantage, for he personally read the leaflets to his soldiers and fired them with a zeal to show themselves incapable of the suggested treachery.

Vassar College, June 29 ELLA BOURNE

Education Under Military Auspices

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your article on the waning of militarism, in a recent issue of *The Nation,* was of special interest to me. For the benefit of persons who believe in army promises to teach soldiers a trade I would like to cite my own experience, which is only one case out of thousands. In the latter part of 1917, the Ordnance Department advertised for men with business experience, or a college education, to be trained for the supply depots of that Department. I sent in my application, was accepted, and assigned for three months of intensive training—six weeks at a university, the remaining six at an arsenal. Upon completion of the course the entire detachment was transferred to a cantonment and assigned to a labor battalion, for the duration of the war, *for duty as laborers!*

The expenses of each man in the detachment, while in the school of instruction, ranged from three to six hundred dollars, not counting the money loss in salary or wages. The men received the regular army pay of one dollar a day, with an extra allowance of thirty cents per day for sleeping quarters and food. I am still trying to figure out how an ordinary human being is able to provide himself with a shelter and food, at war prices, on thirty cents a day.

Although it was evident to the army officers as early as the following January that the men would not be assigned to the work they were trained for, because there was no need for them, these schools were continued until, as far as I am able to ascertain, June or July, 1918. I do not know the object of the army heads in conducting these schools, but I do know that it was a flagrant waste of public funds, and the responsible person or persons should be held criminally liable.

New York, July 3 BUNCOED

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The Shame of America

How the Officials of an American City Connived at a Mob's Crimes—Why There Must be Federal Action to Suppress Lynching

NEGRO JERKY AND SULLEN AS BURNING HOUR NEARS

To Be Taken to Scene of Crime and Stood Before Crowd

ELLISVILLE, Miss., June 26.—(Special.)—As four o'clock approaches John Hartfield, assailant of the Ellisville white girl, is being carefully guarded in the office of Dr. Carter of this city.

The wounded negro has confessed and seems very nervous.

Dissention has broken out among the indignant citizens as to what disposition should be made of the prisoner.

It is said the negro will be taken to the scene of his crime, near the Ellisville railroad tracks, where he attacked Miss Meek, and will be stood up where everybody can see him.

Some of the angry citizens, it is said, want Hartfield lynched, while others want him burned.

ELLISVILLE, Miss., June 26.—(Special)—Walter Crawley and Will Rogers, two farmers, were members of the posse who shot Hartfield in the shoulder, and affected his capture.

Three thousand strangers are in Ellisville today to witness the disposition of John Hartfield, negro assailant of Miss Meek.

Officers are unable to control the crowds.

HATTIESBURG, Miss., June 26.—John Hartfield, negro assailant of an Ellisville young woman, has been brought to Ellisville from Collins and is guarded by officers in the office of Dr. Carter in that city.

He is wounded in the shoulder. The officers have agreed to turn him over to the people at 4 o'clock this afternoon when it is expected he will be burned.

3,000 WILL BURN NEGRO

Kaiser Under Stronger Guard Following Escape Of Crown Prince

Frank Simonds Writes For States

NEW ORLEANS STATES

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[Heading and News Column at Left from *New Orleans States*. News-article below from *Jackson* (Miss.) *Daily News*.]

JOHN HARTFIELD WILL BE LYNCHED BY ELLISVILLE MOB AT 5 O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON

Governor Bilbo Says He Is Powerless to Prevent It—Thousands of People Are Flocking Into Ellisville to Attend the Event—Sheriff and Authorities Are Powerless to Prevent It.

HATTIESBURG, June 26.—John Hartfield, the negro alleged to have assaulted an Ellisville, young woman, has been taken to Ellisville and is guarded by officers in the office of Dr. Carter in that city. He is wounded in the shoulder but not seriously. The officers have agreed to turn him over to the people of the city at 4 o'clock this afternoon when it is expected he will be burned. The negro is said to have made a partial confession.

GOV. BILBO SAYS HE IS POWERLESS.

When Gov. Bilbo was shown the above dispatch and asked what action, if any, he intended to take to prevent the affair, he said:

"I am powerless to prevent it. We have guns for state militia, but no men. It is impossible to send troops to the scene for the obvious reason that we have no troops.

"Several days ago, anticipating for the lynching has now been fixed for five p. m.

A committee of Ellisville citizens has been appointed to make the necessary arrangements for the event, and the mob is pledged to act in conformity with these arrangements.

Rev. L. G. Gates, pastor of the First Baptist church of Laurel, left here at one o'clock for Ellisville to entreat the mob to use discretion.

THOUSANDS GOING TO SCENE OF

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Literature

The Nationality Nightmare

The White Eagle of Poland. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

La Pologne Inconnue. By K. Waszilewski. Paris: Librairie Armand Colin.

Poland in the World of Democracy. By A. J. Zielinski. St. Louis: Laclede Publishing Co.

The History of the Lithuanian Nation and Its Present National Aspirations. By K. Antanas Jusaitis. Translated from the Lithuanian. The Lithuanian Catholic Truth Society.

Independent Bohemia. By Vladimir Nosek. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Czechoslovak State. By Charles Pergler. New York: Czechoslovak Arts Club.

Magyars et Pangermanistes. By Stephen Osusky et Jules Chopin. Paris: Editions Bossard.

La Question Yougoslave. By Auguste Gauvain. Paris: Editions Bossard.

A Bulwark Against Germany. By Bogumil Vosnjak. New York: Fleming H. Revell Co.

En Yougoslavie. By Charles Rivet. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

Rumania's Cause and Ideals. By Leonard A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The Final Settlement in the Balkans. By James D. Bourchier. Reprinted from the Quarterly Review.

THE overwhelming portion of nationalistic propaganda literature turned out during the war by the hundreds of official, semi-official, and free-lance spokesmen of all the oppressed and unredeemed races of Europe is interesting in a painful sense. Not that books on Mid- and Eastern-European nationality are intrinsically bad books—some, a few, of them are good books. But good or bad, they will survive chiefly as symptoms, as illustrations of a state of mind, a treasury for future psychologists, not to say psychopathologists.

The fundamental pretensions of the national propagandist are few. His race has an autochthonous claim to certain territories, based, of course, on the most favorable historical status. Needless to say, historical claims are always obsolete and anti-democratic when adduced by an opponent. The propagandist's race has, against heavy odds, developed an original culture, more valuable than any of his neighbors. His race is invariably the true heir and exponent of Roman civilization. It was the only bulwark of Christianity against the Turk. It developed free institutions before anybody else, and has preserved ancient virtues after everybody else has forgotten them. Last but not least: this nation is the only, or at any rate the most effective, bulwark against German imperialism.

On this standardized framework the propagandist spins the texture of his individual idiosyncrasies and pretensions. Perhaps the central truth about the nationalist propagandist is that he is a middle-class sentimentalist who conceives the independent national state chiefly as a milieu where he will be able to develop his middle-class existence free from pressure on the part of an alien upper class or bureaucracy. In misfortune he is a bourgeois liberal; triumphant, he is a bourgeois imperialist. But, in rain or shine, his point of view is invariably that of the lawyer, journalist, teacher of history, priest, or business man. You may read volume after volume of Mid-European nationalist literature without suspecting that there is such a thing in the world as class struggle. This, however, does not mean that the mid-European nationalist is a conscious reactionary. Far from being a deceiver, he is deceived himself; in a way, he is a tragic figure. He is a hundred years behind the times. He fights for the ideas of the French revolution in the days of the Russian; and his dream is bound to collapse in the moment of realization, as it collapsed in Karolyi's Hungary, as it may collapse any minute in Masaryk's Bohemia or in Paderewski's Poland.

Of this tragedy there is not the faintest glimpse in the dozen volumes listed at the head of this article. Political self-determination is the last word of their philosophy; and after self-determination, the deluge.

Roughly speaking, these books fall into two groups. "The History of the Lithuanian Nation" by K. A. Jusaitis, Mr. Nosek's volume on Bohemia, and those of Mr. Zielinski and M. Waszilewski on Poland are typical of the first group. They are briefs presented by ardent patriots in behalf of their own people. They argue their case from the inside, with the one-sidedness but also with the sincerity of religious profession. The Lithuanian volume is rather more balanced in thought and dignified in expression than the average of nationalist pleading. In exhibiting a case of "unwilling union" between two states it illustrates the fundamental sameness of human relationships, independent of climate and race. "During the thirteenth century the Slav and German writers called the Lithuanians 'wild-men, cruel, plunderers, living as animals'" we are told. "Relying on this statement, a great many Poles of our day remind the Lithuanians that they should be grateful to them because they, the Poles, uniting with the Lithuanians, made them a civilized people." It will seem to Irishmen that, as far as altruism is concerned, there is not much to choose between a Polish nationalist and an English tory.

In contrast to this sober if old-fashioned statement of the case of Lithuania, the French volume of the Pole Waszilewski strikes us with its self-centred fanaticism, its utter lack of historic sense. Two instances epitomize the author's general attitude. In referring to the present government of Russia he speaks of "some sort of Soviets composed by Jews in German pay." In another place he declares: "There is not, has never been, and never will be a Ukrainian nationality." This outright annexation of the celebrated remark of Count Valuyev, the Tsarist minister of education, without quotation marks, without reference to authorship, is eloquent.

The second group of books of nationalistic propaganda bears the trademark of the "foreign observer," who usually proceeds with the look of impartiality. Nevertheless, in most cases the special pleading can be detected easily by the application of rather simple tests.

Take, for instance, E. F. Benson's "The White Eagle of Poland." It belongs with what may be termed the "bulwarkist" school of international politics, the group whose most vociferous representative was the original unmasker of the Pan-German plot, M. Chéradame. Mr. Benson emphatically agrees that a "strong" Poland is a most important link in the system encircling Germany. By criticizing some of the extreme imperialist demands of the National Democrats (today the Government party in Poland) he assumes a posture of fairness. The cloven hoof peeps out in his endorsement of the National Democrats' allegation that anti-Jewish sentiment in Poland is due to the Polish Jews' activities as agents of Germany.

How different are the methods and attitudes of M. Gauvain in his little pamphlet on the Jugoslav question! One of the leading French publicists, M. Gauvain occupied during the war a place corresponding to that of the "New Europe" group, led by Seton-Watson and H. W. Steed in England. These men may be regarded as the real makers of the new national states in Southeastern Europe; it would be interesting to learn to what extent they are pleased, in their heart of hearts, with the fruits of their labors. M. Gauvain's present pamphlet gives a lucid and comprehensive survey of the position of the Jugoslav peoples, and by its coldly scientific manner furnishes an effective weapon in the Jugoslav dispute with the Italians.

Dr. Vosnjak, the Slovene scholar and politician, is another warrior of the bulwarkist clan. The main interest of his volume lies in the material it offers in regard to the three-cornered racial battle fought throughout the centuries by Italians, Germans, and Slovenes between the southern slopes of the Austrian Alps and the Adriatic.

M. Charles Rivet's volume, "En Yougoslavie," is perhaps the

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most interesting item on our list. It deals with a little known phase of the Jugoslav problem, the bitter struggle between the Jugoslav party properly so called and the Pan-Serbian school; the former republican and federalist, the latter imperialist, royalist, and bent upon Serb supremacy within the new combination. M. Rivet, correspondent of "Le Temps," has courageous words in condemnation of the official Allied policy which consistently plays into the hands of the shrewd and unscrupulous old Serb politician Pashitch and the annexationist clique against the democratic tendencies among Slovenes, Croats, and Montenegrins.

Mr. Bourchier's essay on the Balkan settlement was originally published in *The Quarterly Review* for October, 1917. It displays profound knowledge of the linguistic situation in Macedonia; it also suggests such curious schemes as the creation of a Greater Montenegro with parts of Dalmatia added, and of a Jewish republic of Salonica. Why the piece was deemed worth reprinting at this late juncture is not clear. But the last paragraph, at any rate, was written by a seer. "Justice," Mr. Bourchier asserted a year and a half ago, "must prevail in the work of reconstruction in the Balkans. The principal obstacle to a sound and just arrangement will be probably found in the existence of certain preliminary contracts . . . and in the pressure which will be brought to bear on the future Congress for the satisfaction of vindictive and predatory aims." So far the prophet; but the optimist continues: "We must trust to the firmness and statesmanship of our representatives and to the chivalrous sense of justice which will inspire the diplomacy of the Allies. 'Before we attempt to rebuild the temple of justice,' said the present Prime Minister at the Guildhall last January, 'we must see that the foundations are solid . . . Henceforth, when the time for rebuilding comes, it must be on the rock of vindicated justice . . .'" *Neiges d'antan.*

The Tiger of France

France Facing Germany. By Georges Clemenceau. Translated by Ernest Hunter Wright. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Georges Clemenceau, the Tiger of France. By George Lecomte. Translated by Donald Clive Stuart. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Clemenceau, the Man and His Time. By H. M. Hyndman. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Clemenceau. By Gustave Geffroy. Paris: Georges Crès.

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, the Voltairian radical, was born in conservative Vendée, famous for its royalist uprisings. For several generations his forebears had been liberals. His father was a physician, as had been his ancestors for three centuries. He was also a Jacobin materialist of artistic inclinations, arrested as a suspect in 1858, after the attempt by the anarchist Orsini upon the life of Napoleon III. "In his son," writes Auguste Mailloux, "he inculcated his hatred of iniquity and his stalwart independence—that cult of scientific truth which bows only to experimental proof." In such an atmosphere, young Clemenceau, the second of six children, grew up. After graduating from the *lycée* of Nantes, where the father of Jules Vallès was one of his professors, Georges, in 1861, entered the Paris Medical School. Though by no means a bookworm, he took his calling seriously. His doctoral dissertation, "De la Génération des Eléments Anatomiques," completed at the end of four years, was distinctly original. Applying the latest methods of experimental science to the philosophy of the eighteenth century, this book, according to Mr. Hyndman, has served as the basis of Clemenceau's medical, social, political, and literary creed.

The young doctor did not begin practice at once. Thanks to the influence of Etienne Arago, a friend of his father's, he was interested in politics and social questions quite as much as in medicine. Already his part in a demonstration against the Imperial régime had cost him two months' imprisonment. Accordingly, desiring to broaden his knowledge of republican institutions, he came to the United States, and remained almost four years (1865-1869), communicating some of his impressions to the *Temps*. But even now he did not practice medicine. Instead, he taught French in a girls' school in Stamford, Connecticut, where he met the lady whom he afterwards married. From this time dates his translation into French of John Stuart Mill's treatise on Auguste Comte and Positivism. Yet Clemenceau was no ardent admirer of Comte. He refused to accept the positivist dogma that science cannot offer a solution for the enigmas of the world.

Returning to Paris in 1869, Clemenceau began to exercise his profession among the poor of Montmartre, and upon the establishment of the Republic, in the following year, was appointed Mayor of the district. He was chosen, also, to represent Montmartre in the National Assembly, which convened in Bordeaux to consider the German peace terms. These he rejected, believing, with Gambetta, that France, by fighting on, could obtain better conditions. He pledged himself to work for the recovery of the two French provinces—an oath never betrayed. Having attempted to mediate between the National Assembly and the Commune (with preference for the latter), he incurred the ill will of both sides.

After the fall of the Commune, Clemenceau served five years as Municipal Councilor for Paris, giving the while gratuitous Medical advice to the poor of his district. Elected again to the National Assembly in 1876, he entered upon his career as "thrower of ministers," a rôle destined to work harm to France. Too often this "cabinet killer" failed to see the superiority of his opponent's policy. Particularly pronounced was his opposition to colonial expansion. To him, more than to any other, France owes her loss of Egypt. He alone of 431 Deputies disapproved the acquisition of Tunis. Fearing an attack by Germany, he was uncompromisingly opposed to French territorial acquisition in Indo-China, Madagascar, and Africa. Nor did the Russian alliance meet with his approval. And yet today he favors the policy of colonial expansion for France and her alliance with Russia.

Although Clemenceau had to his credit, even before 1914, a long record of fruitful endeavor, his best services he has rendered as Minister. Of these all the world knows. Thanks to the well translated Dutton edition of "La France devant l'Allemagne," English readers can now follow his earlier campaign for preparedness and his efforts as journalist and statesman during the first two years of the war.

Of the various books on Clemenceau, three by life-long friends are so admirable for the field which each covers that the critic can have no decided preference. Georges Lecomte, with vivid sympathy, has treated briefly every important feature of Clemenceau's eventful life. The "man of many enigmas," humorous and sardonic, stands out as the inflexible will that solidified France against the invader. The Appleton edition of this volume reflects credit upon the translator. As for Mr. Hyndman's masterly book, "The Man and His Time," it presents the life of Clemenceau in relation to the political and social history of France since 1850. The author's grasp of his subject is as remarkable as his success in blending the conflicting elements of the Premier's character. Nor does he, though an avowed socialist, see only from the point of view of his own party; indeed, he administers to the French socialists a stinging rebuke for their attitude toward Clemenceau in the war.

The third writer, Gustave Geffroy, president of the Goncourt Academy, treats especially the literary and philosophical sides of Clemenceau's work. After considering the sociologist of "La Mêlée," the social novelist of "Les Plus Forts," and the charming *conteur* of "Aux Embuscades de la Vie," he analyzes with penetrating appreciation "Le Grand Pan," a philosophic book which reveals the influence of Renan. In the fashion of Taine, the critic explains Clemenceau as the product of heredity and en-

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vironment, making him out a republican idealist who still feels a love for rural France and her "disinherited toilers," after fifty years of political activity in the "City of Light."

Most Americans are unaware of Clemenceau's appreciation of nature and his exquisite literary style. Although at times his poetic prose takes on the vivid coloring of a Loti, he avoids verbosity. One feels that he composes spontaneously, yet with artistic restraint. His short stories, concise and finished, humorous and gracefully ironic, approach the style of Anatole France. Devoted to his native language, Clemenceau uses it to exalt his country's gentle manners, her fair landscape, and the charm of her civilization. His power of work is extraordinary. A teetotaler who rises at three o'clock, he still possesses the resilience of a man of thirty. Little wonder that when the existence of France was at stake, the nation with one voice called him to power. And the forty Immortals, in choosing him unanimously to succeed Emile Faguet, only added Academic consecration to his national fame.

Exotics

La Bodega (The Fruit of the Vine). By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. Translated from the Spanish by Dr. Isaac Goldberg. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

An Adopted Husband (Sono Omokage). A Translation from the Original Japanese of Futabatei. By Buhachiro Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A Little Daughter of Jerusalem. By Myriam Harry. Translated by Phoebe Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE late Jules Lemaître once spoke of Zola as "ce génie robuste et triste." The Zolaists, whether men of genius or not, retain those qualities of their master. They give an impression of robustness as they roll forward their masses of thick narrative; they have the sadness of men who are overworked and overeager and who take no pleasure in their medium or their task. The contents of their note-books are all given, and as treatises their books are often admirably informing. But the people in these stories are apt to have little more concrete existence than the tagged puppets of the old Comedy of Humours. We are no doubt very largely the product of economic forces. But you must let the world-spirit work out the sums. A mere novelist gets human answers that satisfy neither one's sense of reality nor one's imagination. The truth of art must be a truth that is seen, not sought. When observation that you cannot help becomes an inner experience that cries out for expression—then it is time enough to begin your novel.

In "La Bodega," written sixteen years ago, Blasco Ibáñez undertook to present the agrarian problem of Andalusia. His presentation of it, as such, is most stirring. The land is parcelled out in a few enormous estates; the men who till it are herded like beasts and kept in subjection through hunger and ignorance and, when all else fails, through drunkenness. But Ibáñez does not fall into the vulgar error attributed to him of blaming the wine for the horrors of Andalusia. It is merely an added weapon by which the landowners keep the laborers from realizing their wrongs and their power. In all these portions of the book the "directness of purpose and vehemence of expression" of which the excellent translator speaks stand his author in good stead. But "directness of purpose and vehemence of expression" (both very constant qualities of the Zolaists) will not create character or produce a fable. Of the outer life of the people we learn merely what is necessary to make clear the economic situation. That is illustrated by the long narratives set in to give the past history of Fermín Sr., of the Marquis de San Dionisio, and of the Duponts whose house, in the orthodox Zolaist fashion, becomes an overshadowing and monstrous symbol. Their inner life is equally attenuated for the purpose of the thesis, and even the course of the love story is used to heighten the horror of class conflict and economic wrong. There is, in a word, a constant isolation and exaggeration of certain elements of life and character at the expense of others, a process that culminates in the unpleasant and bloodless purity of the symbolical revolutionary, Fernando Salvatierra. Thus "La Bodega" is effective and important as propaganda; as art it is merely a belated example of a kind of novel now more than a little stale and obvious.

The Japanese author of "An Adopted Husband" had a better model before him than the Spanish writer. We are told that Futabatei first came into prominence as a translator of Turgenev. And not even the quaint angularity of the English prose into which his book is rendered can diminish his beautiful success in applying to Japanese life the severely simple and searching methods of the best Russian fiction. Futabatei is a very frugal writer, but an extraordinarily exact one. He has here fixed his vision upon the interrelations of practically only four people, but that vision has been long and steadfast, brooding and intense at once. He knows these four people to the obscurest stirrings of their souls, to the last hesitations of their wavering wills. The result is that the action, as in all the best fiction, derives its import and its power to move us not from its outer effectiveness but from its inner truth. The shabby little teacher Tetsuya is really a very modern and very prosaic sort of Hamlet. He is thoroughly wretched with his wife, Toki-ko, to whom, according to a curious but intelligible Japanese custom, he is under very irksome obligations. He feels all the unworthy advantages that are taken of him in the small matters of daily life. He finds a new sense of beauty and tenderness and liberation in the love of Sayo-ko. But he cannot will purely and directly. He drifts and is driven back. Futile and undeserved pity for Toki-ko and even for her mother unman him at the crucial moments and break his purpose. He deadens his fruitless inner struggles with drink and finally sinks into great degradation. The story is told with complete restraint, with no reliance on any use of ingenuity or rhetorical arrangement. The ending of each chapter, as of the book itself, is studiedly unemphatic. The interest is wrung wholly from the psychical drama, from these four people who are, furthermore, a supreme illustration, if such an illustration were needed, of the fundamental oneness, beneath its infinite variety, of the emotional life of mankind. "An Adopted Husband" is said to be the best of modern Japanese novels and we can well believe it. The reputed popularity of the book in Japan is most creditable to the reading public of that country, and should serve to arouse a larger curiosity than has existed among Americans regarding the daily psychology and spiritual problems of the Japanese.

In "A Little Daughter of Jerusalem" Mme. Myriam Harry, whose lustrous but rather hectic "Conquest of Jerusalem" will be remembered by many readers, tells the story of her own childhood in the sacred city. She was born there as the child of a converted Russian Jew and a German Lutheran deaconess. The father went out into the land of Moab after antiquities and precious papyri, a romantic scholar and tradesman with a dash of Micawber; the mother felt the country to be really heathen and dreamed at Christmas of the snowy fields and dark fir-trees of her native Hesse. The little girl's chief impressions, however, were gathered from the grotesque competition and clash of all the various religions to which the city is a holy place. She herself was born a sceptic and an observer, and saw Arabs and pilgrims, Russian and Roman and Armenian priests, Bethlehemites and Moabites as parts of a brilliant and apparently endless pageant. It is this pageant which she has rendered with immense skill and knowledge. But there is little vividness in the descriptions because the objects have been seen, as it were, only with the outer eye. The processions pass like gorgeous and intricate patterns that neither quicken the pulse nor touch the heart. The book is original in substance, well written and translated, and rather languid and dull.

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Attic Vases

Attic Red-Figured Vases in American Museums. By J. D. Beazley. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press.

A Handbook of Attic Red-Figured Vases. By Joseph Clark Hoppin. Volume I. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. London: Oxford University Press.

THE study of Athenian black-figured and red-figured vases has now been in progress about one hundred years. It was at the beginning of the last century that excavations in Italy began to yield their rich harvests in these vases and ever since our stock has steadily increased. The popularity of these painted pots has been great from the first, for their many-sidedness appealed to a wide public. Students of form, of fine drawing, of Athenian customs, of Greek mythology, all found here a large and fruitful field of interest, so that it is small wonder that these vases have been objects of constant study and the source of much pleasure for several generations. Naturally, with many minds at work on the subject the advance of research has been rapid, and a multitude of problems which confronted the pioneer students have now been definitely solved. We know that these vases are products of the Athenian potteries of the sixth to fourth centuries, B.C., and represent a continuous development of the art of painting during that important period; we are able in the majority of instances to interpret satisfactorily the scenes depicted on them, and, thanks to the custom of some Athenian ceramists of signing their work, we know the names of a large number both of the potters and of the painters who produced these vases. This knowledge of the actual names of the artists from the first appealed to many archaeologists, and it became customary to attribute unsigned vases to known potters on "stylistic" grounds. This pursuit, however fascinating, was full of pitfalls and resulted in no little confusion; for vases were constantly attributed to "known" artists on insufficient grounds, both because a name in art appears to have a peculiar magnetism for art students, and because "stylistic" grounds were subject to individual interpretation.

Recognizing this confusion into which we were drifting, J. D. Beazley, an archaeologist of Oxford, set himself the task of putting the house in order. He grasped two important facts. First, that though many names of vase painters happen to be preserved to us, there must have been many more artists than we have names, and in order to recreate them all we have to do is to determine their styles from their works and supply them with fictitious names; for, as Beazley says, "the name of an artist is the least important thing about him." Second, that mere general impressions of style—so dangerous even to the student with perception—must be supplemented with more detailed investigations. He adopted therefore what in Renaissance art criticism is known as the Morelli method. Morelli recognized that every human eye sees form differently and that therefore every great artist sees and represents forms in his own distinctive manner. Consequently an examination of the ways of painting the ear, the nose, the eye, the mouth, the hand, the finger-nails, the drapery, etc., etc., is a very useful tool in determining the style of an artist and in detecting his work. By this method Morelli revolutionized the study of Renaissance painting. Beazley has done a similar and an equally important service in the field of Athenian vase painting. He is not altogether a pioneer; Hartwig, and to a greater extent, Furtwängler, have tried to recreate lost artists and to analyze the style of vase painters by their manner of drawing details. But they did it in a limited and a much more general way. Mr. Beazley, on the other hand, has made of this subject a highly specialized study. He spent almost ten years in collecting his evidence by travelling from museum to museum both in Europe and America, and to his task he applied both a sound method and a highly trained and sensitive eye. The result marks an epoch in the study of Greek vases. Not only has he literally brought to life for us more than fifty Athenian vase painters, each with a distinct personality and often with a long list of works; but he has established a method of investigation which will without doubt prevail in the future.

Mr. Beazley's present publication, "Attic Red-Figured Vases in American Museums," is an attempt to deal with red-figured vases in this country from the point of view of their authorship; the vases are listed under their respective artists, and are grouped with the other works by these artists. Much of the text consists of lists of attributions, but the appreciations of the artists and the accounts of many of the subjects are very happy, and written in a terse and vivid style, with a refreshing absence of the usual archaeological jargon. Such descriptions, for instance, as "Dionysos is out for the night, and his Silen-Xanthias is carrying the needful luggage, a jug and a supply of wine," or "a young man, purse ready, in a potter's shop—'le client sérieux,'" are no less accurate for being full of life, and make us wish that we had more archaeological literature written in that vein.

In order properly to understand the book we must remember that it is not intended to be the author's magnum opus on the subject, but merely a preliminary report. The omission, therefore, of the detailed analysis of each artist's style (which gave so much interest and value to Mr. Beazley's earlier articles) is understandable, though naturally to be regretted. It is true, of course, that the method has been pointed out, and every person can look for himself; but the results of Mr. Beazley's long experience and special opportunities in examining hundreds of vases from this point of view would have been an invaluable guide for the study of the new science which he has set up. As it is, the danger at present is that students without the proper equipment will flood the market with untenable attributions.

For another reason it would have been very helpful if Mr. Beazley had submitted the evidence on which he assigns his vases to their artists. Many of the pots listed are unpublished or only illustrated in inaccurate publications; so that we cannot without undertaking extensive travels check the author's results. And, though what checking was possible has convinced the present reviewer that Mr. Beazley's conclusions are eminently reliable, this does not alter the fact that as things are now we have to take his lists on trust—at least until he issues his larger work and allows scholars generally a chance to study his attributions.

Following closely upon the appearance of Mr. Beazley's book comes a "handbook" by Joseph Clark Hoppin. The interest here too lies in the artists, for the book is a corpus of vases "signed by or attributed to the various masters of the sixth and fifth centuries B. C." The names of the masters are arranged chronologically and under them are listed their works, with lists of publications, identifications of subjects, and inscriptions. Only the first of the two volumes has appeared, but the second is promised within a short time. The book will be an invaluable reference book to all vase students. Klein's *Meistersignaturen*, which had been our standard work of that kind, is now quite out of date, both because our stock of signed vases has greatly increased since 1886, and because there have been identified so many new artists who must henceforth be reckoned with. Mr. Hoppin is therefore filling a much felt need and has earned the gratitude of every archaeologist for undertaking this arduous task. It is fortunate, moreover, that this work has been done by someone alive to its responsibilities. The chief requisites of such a corpus are its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, and, if possible, a liberal supply of illustrations. Mr. Hoppin has spared no trouble in acquitting himself well of his enterprise on all three counts. It is particularly to his credit that he has so quickly recognized the status of the newly created artists and put them on a par with the familiar "known" ones. By their inclusion his book has gained greatly in scope and usefulness.

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Books in Brief

THROUGH the "embalmed darkness" of our old-fashioned country-gardens on midsummer evenings steals at times a musky scent, overwhelming all the sweet perfume of locust and clematis, and our disgust makes us aware that the cat-like prowler of the night which the Algonquins call "seganku" is treading its round of pollution. Thus "psychoanalysis," made in Germany by Sigmund Freud, enters the pleasant garden-plot of English poetry in Albert Mordell's book, "The Erotic Motive in Literature" (Boni and Liveright), and scatters its nauseous juices over dozens of exquisitely fragrant blooms. The sweetest and purest and simplest things suffer the basest defilement. Cowper's poem on the receipt of his mother's picture is bespattered with unclean suggestions of "hysterical over-attachment" and "psychoneurosis" and "the theory of the Œdipus complex." Browning's "The Last Ride Together" is tainted by malodorous intimations of sexual symbolism which, it would appear, is also unconsciously present in "How They Brought the Good News." Wordsworth's lyrical cry of "Up with me into the clouds!", like all dreams of flight (alas for the psychical perils of aviation), is grossly reckoned as reeking with "sexual significance." Our only protection for our noses is to close all windows that open on the garden. Of course we remember that personal interpretation of the masterpieces of poetic genius has long been a favorite diversion of prosaic minds, but we have never seen quite such prosaic minds as now dabble in the dogmatic interpretation of each author's fancies by appealing to his so-called "unconscious." The method is perilously simple. Every rhythmical imagining is deemed by the diviner a dreamlike distortion of actual incident. "Byron in his 'Manfred,' Hauptmann in his Heinrich in the 'Sunken Bell,' Shakespeare in 'Hamlet,' Goethe in 'Faust' have told us of love repressions that were their own." Moreover Chaldean conjecturings, often the very apotheosis of bosh, assume the gravity of a seeming science by the copious use of Freudian jargon. Star-gazers and dream-seers have been, for many thousand years, adepts in the art of disguising the emptiness of their reasoning by the fullness of their phrase. Disregard their bombast, question persistently their premises, and you always explode the fallacy. There is, however, one notable difference between the old interpreters of dreams and the new. The early soothsayers, in their divinations, were wont to invoke all the gods of all the planets. The houses of Mercury, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, loom large in their horoscopes. The only divinity of the present volume is Venus, *libidinis auctrix*, whose calumnies recall the scandalous tongue of Vivien, when she lets it "rage like a fire among the noblest names, defaming and defacing till she left not even Lancelot brave and Galahad clean."

THE name of Edward Jenks on the title page of "The State and the Nation" (E. P. Dutton and Company) calls to mind a delightful work published nearly twenty years ago under the title "A Short History of Politics." It was short—all too short for the fascinated reader—but full to bursting with the kind of information that a ripe scholar could give. That little work has for some time been out of print. All the more welcome, therefore, is this larger volume which attempts in simple terms to state the main outlines of social and political evolution. The book shows clearly that the author has not rested on his oars for twenty years, but has kept well up with the moving times. The careful discrimination of State and nation is symptomatic. Of greatest interest, however, is the final chapter, in which the author discusses the more fundamental proposals which have recently been put forth for the introduction of changes into our political life. The author regards a League of Nations as the culminating point in the world movement toward Federalism. For proportional representation Mr. Jenks has little good to say, disclosing the intricate complexity of the system, and questioning the wisdom of

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substituting it for a plan of voting which, with all its faults, has "worked with amazing success." Mr. Jenks is happiest in his analysis of industrial reconstruction. He discusses briefly, but with admirable clarity, the Whitley scheme, syndicalism, guild socialism, and state socialism. The Whitley scheme, assuming the continuance of the present system whereby the economic control is vested in the employing class, is apparently too conservative; syndicalism is apparently too revolutionary. The arguments against state socialism he finds to be overwhelming. Apparently guild socialism holds most promise for the future. Mr. Jenks places his finger on what is unquestionably the moral centre of guild socialism, its repudiation, namely, of the principles of wages. "To the advocates of this scheme, it appears fundamentally wrong to class human labor as a commodity to be bought and sold like cattle and sugar. They urge, with great force, that it is useless to expect a workman to take a genuine interest in the product of his labor, if he ceases to have any connection with that product the moment it has left his hands." One wonders why, in a book with a prefatory note dated February, 1919, there is no reference whatever to the principle of occupational representation embodied in the soviet system of Russia.

"AN Ethiopian Saga," by Richmond Haigh (Henry Holt and Company), makes the reader desirous to know more about the material upon which it is based. In a brief note, the author states that it is fiction founded on fact and that South Africans will easily identify persons and events shadowed forth in the narrative. Saga material is epic. Its stuff is wrong done and vengeance taken, raids, councils, palavers, single combats; and in this case, only the color of the actors is changed. "Ethiopian" is unfortunate in its associations, especially for one with his head full of Burnt Njal and Gretti the Strong and Olaf Tryggvasson. Mr. Haigh's tale does not quite convince. One feature is the native proverbs with which the text is plentifully loaded. They increase one's respect for the Ethiopian intelligence. For instance: "It is foolish to wake a snake to kill it," "Sleep has no friendship," "A sharp spear needs no polish." Some of these gnomic sayings go to show that the same kind of bores are found in a black fellows' powwow as in Congress or the Senate. "With the mouth one can cross the fullest river" and "The mouth of a man is bigger than a sounding drum." How poignantly beautiful is that second proverb and how wide its application!

THE thirst for printers' ink early seized upon him who was to achieve fame as the creator of "Uncle Remus," and at fourteen years of age he was busily and happily engaged, in a subordinate capacity, in the weekly production of *The Countryman*, which printed his first literary efforts and sent him forth in due time qualified for the higher walks of journalism and for more considerable achievements in American literature. Professor Robert Lemuel Wiggins relates, in ample detail, the story of "The Life of Joel Chandler Harris" (Smith & Lamar), and rescues from oblivion many of Harris's early compositions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Anonymous. The Road to the Stars. By an Officer of the Grand Fleet. London: C. W. Daniel.

Brooks, Alfred M. Great Artists and Their Works. Boston: Marshall Jones. $2.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Thwing, Eugene. The Life and Meaning of Theodore Roosevelt, Volumes 1, 2, 3, and 4. Current Literature Co.

Viereck, George S. Roosevelt. New York: Jackson Press. $1.35.

POETRY AND DRAMA

Chamard, Henri. La Chanson de Roland. Paris: Armand Colin.

FICTION

Bement, Catherine P. A Spinner of Webs. Boston: Four Seas. $1.50.

Streeter, Edward. Same Old Bill, Eh Mable! Stokes. 75 cts.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Jackson, Henry E., editor. The League of Nations. New York: Prentice-Hall. 50 cts.

Neilson, Francis. The Old Freedom. Huebsch. $1.

Taft, William H., Wickersham, George W., Lowell, A. Lawrence, and Taft, Henry W. The Covenanter. Doubleday, Page. $1.25.

Veblen, Thorstein. The Vested Interests. Huebsch. $1.

THE WAR

Anonymous. Letters from a French Soldier to His Mother. London: De La More Press.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Gilmore, George W. Animism. Boston: Marshall Jones Co. $1.75.

Gore, Charles. The Church and the Ministry. Longmans, Green. $6.

Langstaff, John B. The Holy Communion in Great Britain and America. Oxford Press. $6.25.

Tolstoy, L. N. The Pathway of Life. Translated by Archibald J. Wolfe. International Book Co. 2 vols.

EDUCATION

Fisher, H. A. L. The Place of the University in National Life. Oxford Press. 20 cts.

Payne, Leonidas W. Selections from American Literature. Rand McNally.

MISCELLANEOUS

Acharya, Sri Ananda. The Book of the Cave Gaurisankarguha. Macmillan. $1.25.

Proposed Roads To Freedom
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The Case of the Rand School

THE RAND SCHOOL of Social Science, located in the People's House at 7 East 15th Street, New York City, has been unlawfully raided by the Lusk Investigating Committee and its agents, its property damaged, garbled quotations from its correspondence published broadcast, to the great detriment of the school in the minds of the public who know nothing of its well-established educational work in Socialism and allied subjects now in existence for thirteen years.

The school and its officers and teachers have been denied any hearing to present their side of the case and therefore are obliged to appeal to the people of the United States for the simplest right of self-defense.

Protests are being heard from many quarters. The following, from sources not in agreement with the theories taught by the school, may be cited:

From the *New York World* Editorial, July 10, 1919. Democrat.

"It is time for it (the Lusk Committee) to call a halt on itself and stick close to the business it was created to do. Its duty is to conduct an inquiry and to prepare a report to the Legislature as a guide to future action. It is not a tribunal expressly for the conviction of persons whose opinions its members dislike. In making itself judge, jury and prosecuting attorney it forgets its proper functions. It is solely a committee of investigation, with limited powers, which it seems none too well qualified to exercise."

From *The New Republic,* July 9, 1919. Liberal Weekly.

"Shall an instrument of oppression drawn from the repertory of the star chamber, used by the notorious Chief Justice Scroggs, denounced by the courts a century and a half ago, assailed by our colonial forbears as destructive of liberty and law, and condemned by the Supreme Court as 'abhorrent to the instincts of an American'—shall such an instrument be revived in the twentieth century under a constitution and form of government dedicated to liberty and justice?"

From the *New York Evening Post,* July 9, 1919. Republican.

"The proceedings [of the Committee] have been loose. Speeches by Bolshevist agitators and anarchist pamphlets found in the lobby of the Public Library are bundled into a blanket indictment against a Socialist institution of long standing, and, in general, against a party, unquestionably radical, which nevertheless has polled heavy votes in the nation and the city for many years.

From Samuel Untermyer, Esq., to Hon. Clayton R. Lusk, Chairman Lusk Committee:

"Although it is well-known that I am a pronounced anti-Socialist because of my conviction that the governmental policies of Socialism are not practicable and workable and that as a constructive programme it is little more than an irridescent dream, I have always realized that the Socialist Party has been of great service and is destined to be of still greater service in curbing and correcting the greed and injustice of the capitalistic system and that its usefulness as an opposition party has been fully vindicated. . . .

"If you believe that these outrages against the proverbial American sense of fair play and your persistent refusal to give these people an opportunity to be heard will be tolerated, that they will not react against the repute and usefulness of your Committee, you little understand the American spirit."

All public spirited citizens who agree with the protests voiced above and desire to assist the Rand School in its desperate fight not only for its own right to exist, but for the right of the most fundamental constitutional protection for the people of the United States and their institutions, are invited to send in the attached slip with contribution.

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